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AT this moment there is a lull in the battle on the western front; but it is only the prelude to a greater storm. Neither side can accept the present line without fighting furiously to change it. The attack of the Germans is obviously far from having spent itself. They have gained much and they have much more to gain by renewed success. In the near future they will strain all their resources in their effort to reach the coast. The French and English armies also, even if they were let alone, will be obliged themselves to take the offensive. General Foch cannot be content to hold a line which runs for so long a distance only ten miles east of Amiens. His army cannot feel itself safe against disastrous surprise attacks unless the line is pushed very much further east. The battle will be renewed, consequently, under conditions which are likely to make it more than ever desperate. Whatever the German High Command started out to achieve, it has gone in so deep that it will not only strain all its resources in order to succeed, but it will assume grave risks. It is now apparently fighting for a decision. If this is its strategic purpose the Allied army has no alternative but to accept the challenge. Such is doubtless the underlying significance of General Foch's appointment. Among all the French generals he has the reputation of being the hardest fighter. He has a considerable reserve available either for defense or attack, and if the Germans over-extend themselves in their strenuous efforts to reach a decision, he will know when and where to strike. It is an anxious but an inspiring moment. The one immediate contribution which non-combatants back of the line can make to the success of their fellow countrymen at the front is to preserve a spirit of cool-headed confidence.

THE knowledge that the American army and resources will be of some use in the crisis is peculiarly gratifying to public opinion in this country. The troops which can be put into action at once are not numerous, but they are young, resilient and eager. They will have the advantage of going into battle not as an independent command under inexperienced generalship, but as part of the experienced and tested British or French army. Their participation will have a profound moral effect on the American nation and should stimulate us to speed up our preparations. The most effective contribution which America can make to Allied victory will consist in feeding American soldiers into the French and British organizations. Thus they can be made quickly useful, even if they are not sufficiently trained and equipped. Six or eight weeks from now when the English, French and German reserves may begin to be exhausted, this contribution may save a critical situation. As the existing American army is being shipped abroad at an accelerated rate, the cantonments vacated by them should immediately be filled with fresh levies. It is manifestly the business of this country to place in training at the earliest practicable moment another million men.

GENERAL FOCH'S appointment as the commander-in-chief of the Allied armies ends a controversy which has been gathering since the

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beginning of the war and which not long since almost wrecked the Lloyd George cabinet. For military purposes the Allies are no longer a coalition but a single organization. The present step is the natural consequence of Sir William Robertson's supersession in February and of the adoption at that time at least in theory of a policy of a single front and unified control. The "particularism" which opposed unified control was especially powerful in the British army. Unlike the continental armies that of Great Britain has been formed as the result of the enormous expansion of a long service colonial professional army. It likes to do things in its own way and is at its best in the subsidiary operations of war. When it was sent to the continent in August, 1914, it looked forward to a campaign of its own in Belgium and had no notion that it was destined to become a wing of the French army. Its mind was always harking back to the idea of independent action and a separate campaign on an enlarged colonial model. It has now definitely become merely the wing of a vast continental army stretching from the North Sea to the Adriatic. The stubborn resistance which the British army offered to this merger was not due to selfishness nor to professional jealousy. It was the expression of the military instinct of an insular power, which will bob up to the top no matter how persistently you drive it down.

THE English army has never quite adjusted itself mentally to the difference between the present war and that with Napoleon. The Napoleonic war was won mainly by the work of the fleet, but partly also by the independent campaigns in Spain and Portugal, which, if not exactly insular or appropriate to an insular power, were at least peninsular—that is almost insular. The modern equivalent to the former Napoleonic war strategy would have been a military policy of limited liability, aimed chiefly to secure for Russia the direct contact with English sea power which has done more to enable France to hold out than has even English military assistance. Contact with Russia might have been established either by a campaign in the Baltic Sea or at the Dardanelles. The Baltic plan was rejected on the ground that if the British entered the Baltic the Germans would occupy the Danish islands and catch them in a trap. The Dardanelles alternative was tried but not in sufficient force to assure its success. There was much to be said for it. If they had taken Constantinople there would have been no shortage of munitions in Russia, probably no severe Russian defeat and possibly no Russian defection. But it was a failure, and left the British army no policy but to fight it out in the west as one wing of a vast continental military organization. It is characteristic of the small part which reasoning plays in much British behavior that Sir William Robertson, who was a convinced and dogmatic "westerner" in military policy, was preeminent among British generals in his determination to maintain the independence of the British army. That was why he had to go.

JAPAN has not been detached from the Allies or set against America by the late differences of opinion on intervention in Siberia. So much is proved by the wholly amicable arrangements as to shipping that have been concluded between Japan and the United States. We are to get 150,000 tons of shipping; in return Japan is to receive, besides a fair price, the privilege of importing from America 75,000 tons of ship plates. In the end the Japanese merchant marine stands to gain since the 75,000 tons of plates will suffice for the building of more than 150,000 tons of ships. But Japan sacrifices present opportunities for trade, and she also reduces her capacity for transporting and supplying soldiers, an important point if she were planning later to press for a mandate of the Powers to move in Siberia. Japan is operating with the Allies under a limited partnership arrangement. She has never agreed to throw her whole resources into the struggle against the Central Powers. Japan can maintain her position as a world power only if she pursues her own interests, rather strictly defined. Within these limitations, Japan can be counted upon to do her utmost to further the Allied interest. A minority military party may dream of a future German-Russian-Japanese alliance, but the statesmen of Japan are clear sighted enough to see that for an indefinite time the interests of Japan are bound up with those of the maritime Powers.

THE third Liberty Loan will have to depend largely for its success upon the small savings of the great multitude. As the time for income tax payment is approaching, many of the larger incomes will yield less surplus for loan subscriptions than in the case of the earlier loans. In the months that have elapsed since the last loan, however, the character of the war as a supreme enterprise of democracy has become much clearer, and this fact should stimulate persons of moderate means to increased sacrifices. Day by day the war comes nearer to America. We now have troops engaged in the great battle in northern France, and their number will be greatly increased before the German attack subsides. For the large majority of Americans at home there is at present no better means of giving evidence of their unity of morale with the Americans at the front than active support of the war loan. Meagre subscriptions to the loan

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"So this is the way to Paris!"

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would indicate that we are proceeding with business as usual, enjoyment as usual, waste as usual, while the young men who are defending our honor in France are dying. They would indicate that when we succeed in placing on the battlefield forces commensurate with our national greatness, we cannot be sure that they will be supplied and equipped according to the highest known standards of efficiency. By the volume and distribution of our subscriptions to the loan we shall advertise to the world the sincerity of the American people in its protestations of democracy. The pro-Germans recognize this clearly. Do the Americans?

IF the concrete ship will stand the stresses of the open sea, as a great many technical experts assure us it will, the Germans may as well admit the final failure of their attempt to cut communications between America and the European Allies. There is no definable limit upon the amount of concrete shipping that could be launched in a year, once the enterprise is in full swing. The raw material is available in unlimited quantities in easy reach of every port, and the labor that is required in preparing it is chiefly common labor, requiring little special training. Much steel for reinforcing will be needed, but as compared with steel shipbuilding the demands of the concrete ship are small. And the final operation of "pouring" a ship is said to proceed with incredible rapidity. The ship when launched, so it is reported, appears perfectly serviceable. It is heavy, and will require more engine power for a given cargo capacity than ships of either steel or wood. It will be more expensive to operate, but so much cheaper to build that many believe that a great commercial future is assured for it after the world's shipping has returned to a normal basis. This, however, is a detail of no present importance. Nobody cares how much it costs to build or operate the ships, provided that they will float. This we cannot know for certain until the ship recently launched on the Pacific Coast has been fully tried out.

MR. HOOVER'S tentative acceptance of the need of a more thoroughgoing regulation of meat supply and prices carries the more weight because of his well known reluctance to interfere with the laws of trade. As a matter of fact the "laws of trade" never were adjusted to conditions such as prevail now, when the government buys in its own behalf or in behalf of the Allies such huge quantities as at times to assume a wholly dominant position in the market. For its own purchases the government must in effect set prices, with due regard to the necessities of the packing industry and the ultimate producer. The "laws of trade" operating upon the uncontrolled fraction of the supply, are necessarily spasmodic in their effects, producing now a speculative fever, now deep discouragement to the producer. Upon the consumer their effects are equally unhappy. In the conditions, as Mr. Hoover suggests, "all theories must go by the board," and whether we like price determination as a general principle or abhor it, we must recognize that order must be established in the industry, either by restrictions and guaranties under which the packers may operate, or by public assumption of the packing industry. Only by some such method can the producers be assured remunerative prices and the consumers freedom from extortion.

FROM the Financial Chronicle: "Suffrage without regard to sex [meaning woman suffrage] is on trial, and not even its warmest advocate can assert that it has proved itself beyond question; we do not know for what and for whom the new part of the electorate have voted, and therefore we cannot decide (except by careful deduction spread over a very considerable time) whether the net result is good." A slightly obscure passage, of which the meaning appears to be this: Woman Suffrage will be on trial until somebody can prove that most women voters vote the way the Financial Chronicle thinks they ought to vote. The reason why the same test should not be applied to male voters does not yet appear.

ALTHOUGH it is always too early to prophesy, and although prophecy is still the most gratuitous form of folly, nevertheless we predict that this war will end without exacting the supreme sacrifice from the New York Times. Upon every belligerent country war brings curtailment of the right of free speech and restriction of every kind of personal liberty. These afflictions the Times has witnessed with flawless fortitude. It has left to others the task of expressing the opinion that in the United States some of the restrictions imposed were dangerous or absurd. It has never been afraid that some of the liberties lost or threatened in war would not be regained after the war without an obstinate and possibly a fierce contest. Until somebody suggested digging trenches in New York's Central Park, as a means of increasing subscriptions to the third Liberty Loan, the Times remained calm. When this suggestion had been made, the Times trembled. It gave forth sounds of fear such as the spectacle of diminishing individual liberty never tempted it to utter. When the war is ended, and somebody asks the Times what it did for free speech during the war, it can answer with pride: "I kept the trenches out of Central Park."

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NOW that daylight can be "saved" by unanimous fiction, why cannot money be "saved" in a similar fashion? A great many individuals keep from overdrawing their bank account by little acts of self-deception which could easily be made compulsory. By increasing subtractions one per cent and minimizing additions one per cent almost no one could escape being compelled to "save" in time. All that is needed is a suitable manipulation of our dear habits. If enough people enter the conspiracy, the conspiracy succeeds. The only trouble with such legislative expedients is the way in which they favor a complete faith in mechanism and a blind respect for the sacredness of habit. Without altering our habits in the least we now get up an hour earlier. It looks like clear gain, but if a six-cent coin is devised for us we shall find ourselves paying 6 cent carfares, without altering our habits any more painfully. In the case of daylight saving we rob Peter to pay Paul to our own advantage; it is a justifiable yet flabby expedient. An employers' and employees' agreement to open at 7 or 8 and close at 4 would have gained part of the object while it loosened the crust of custom.

ACCORDING to Mr. Hoover the Allied world stands in danger of extremely short rations; according to Secretary Houston the food situation should not give much cause for worry. If we want to be easy in our minds, we had better follow Houston's opinion; if we want to be safe, we had better follow Hoover's. What brought the conflict of opinion to public attention was Congressman Baer's proposal to appropriate $50,000,000 to provide farmers with seeds on credit. Secretary Houston's "Why worry?" has postponed action on the bill. Perhaps we shall have food enough without employing such a device to stimulate production. We'd be safer if we were not too sure of this.

America's Contribution to the War

THE time has come for President Wilson to demand of the American people for the successful prosecution of the war a greater measure of individual sacrifice and collective effort than that which he is now obtaining and to re-enforce this demand with a very much enlarged programme of industrial and military preparation. Unless he does so Prussianism has a good chance of winning a more or less disguised victory, the treaty of peace is likely to be stamped with specifications for future wars and the American people will not win for themselves or other people, the boon of increased security which is so indispensable to the future of democracy. During the past six months new facts have been introduced into the political and military situation which condemn the existing programme as inadequate. The American government as a result of these new facts must either moderate its ambitious political purposes or increase and accelerate its contribution to the military and economic power of the Allies.

As the first of these new facts let us take the probable consequences of the German offensive. Unless the furious battles which are now taking place result in the actual defeat of the German army, its High Command will at least achieve in the case of the English army the same kind of a success that it achieved at Verdun in the case of the French army. It will force the British to use up their reserves just as it formerly forced the French to use up their reserves, and so deprive the British army of the resources with which to conduct in the future a sustained offensive. No doubt the German reserves will be consumed in the same furnace, but the German army will be occupying enemy territory and as a matter of military tactics can better afford to remain on the defensive. If the German Staff succeed in its probable design of putting an end to the striking power of the English, the burden of any future offensive will have to be assumed chiefly by the American army. That army, instead of serving as insurance reserve to the armies of America's Allies, will supersede those armies as the aggressive military weapon of the Allied governments. It will have to consist of a sufficient number of trained soldiers, supplied with a sufficient quantity of munitions, to carry through an attack similar to the one now being conducted by the Germans.

At present the American army is not large enough to push home a heavy and a sustained offensive. Instead of the present total of less than two million, General Pershing would need to have at his disposal at least three million soldiers, and these soldiers would need to be provided with more than twice the projected supply or equipment, and munitions. Instead of 6,000,000 tons of shipping, we would need 10 or 12,000,000 tons; instead of 20,000 aeroplanes more than double that number. Neither should the new programme be merely a matter of increasing the volume of American preparation. No less necessary is the acceleration of its speed. At best a dangerously long time must elapse before the American army can be wrought into a fighting machine as efficient as was the British army by the fall of 1916. Considering the price of waiting our European associates will have a right to demand that the delay be reduced to its lowest possible terms. Otherwise the American army might be ready to win a victory only when it was too late.

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Americans who hitherto have been demanding of the Administration a larger volume of military preparation have been thinking exclusively in terms of a military victory over Germany. The demand should be sustained by Americans to whom a military victory seems futile unless it be used in the interest of definite international and conciliatory political objects. For the American nation under President Wilson's leadership is more irrevocably committed to a programme of conciliation without compromise than is any of its European associates; and under the conditions of popular opinion which are likely to supervene after the present fighting slows down, the ability of the American army to carry through an offensive and the clear intention of the American government not to consent to a peace based on territorial compromises may prove to be the salutary facts. They may be indispensable to a continuation of the fighting until the obstacles which prevent the achievement of an essentially democratic and international settlement are overcome.

It is difficult during the anxieties and obsessions created by the kind of fighting which is now taking place in France to imagine how the accumulated suffering, the courage and the strain will react some months from now on the European peoples. Yet it is necessary to make the effort. As a result of this fighting the Germans will not obtain a military decision. So much we are obliged to assume. But they expect to exhaust the British reserves and impress on French, British and Italian popular opinion the impossibility of victory, the terror of defeat and the futility of further fighting. Then the German government will resume its peace offensive. It will offer a settlement to France, Great Britain and Italy, whose general nature is clearly indicated by the treaties with Russia and Rumania and by Hertling's speeches. It will seek to secure the consent of the western Powers to the eastern treaty by proposing more or less liberal concessions in the west. The extent of their concessions will depend upon the success of the military operations and the condition of popular opinion in Germany and Austria, but in all probability they will be substantial. The German government needs to end the war this summer and the Russian treaties provide it with a huge credit margin which will not be sensibly diminished even though it has to check out some territory to France, Great Britain and Italy.

Such a "peace offensive" would run a good chance of succeeding. The statesmen among our Allies who were in favor of yielding to it could put up a powerful and insidious argument. The military danger which now threatens France and Great Britain is the result of the Russian default. A military defeat of Germany has become impossible except as the work of an American army larger and more quickly available than the plans of the American government now specify. If the western Powers refuse to accept terms such as those indicated above they will be draining their lowered vitality until there is danger of collapse and for what? In order to secure better terms for the Russian people whose government, such as it is, has already accepted its own defeat and whose rulers are so possessed by their overmastering class hatred that they refuse to discriminate between the German autocracy and the western democracies. In order to satisfy the scruples of the American government which demands the fruits of a victory without offering to pay the price. France and England would continue to fight for any small nation such as Serbia or Bulgaria whose integrity is threatened by Germany, but Russia is precisely the one nation which is capable of taking care of itself. It is too huge really to fear Germany. If Germany seeks to exploit the material and human resource of Russia, she will be attempting a suicidal and ultimately impossible task. Let her try it. In the meantime the western peoples have no sufficient reason to exhaust their own vitality in the effort to prevent her. The proposed terms will enable them to emerge from the war with some of the gains for which they have been fighting. On the other hand, if they refuse to negotiate on the proposed basis, they run the danger of being deserted by their own population to whom peace is becoming supremely desirable.

The foregoing argument has the utmost force and if it is backed up, as it probably will be at the end of the present fighting, by a powerful array of military, economic and psychological facts, it will place the American government in a most perplexing quandary. A settlement such as the one proposed would defeat every positive purpose for which America entered the war. Yet the American nation would not have a valid grievance against the western Powers for accepting it, because we were not providing them with a practicable alternative anywhere near as promising. We cannot ask them to refuse a basis of negotiations which will rescue them from almost intolerable suffering, debility and strain, unless we are willing and ready to assure them of ultimate victory, and our existing volume and rate of military and economic preparations wholly fail to furnish such an assurance. We must, consequently, abandon our programme of a democratic international settlement or back it up with more soldiers, more ships and more food. At best it will be eighteen months before the American army can be ready to undertake a prolonged offensive and in the meantime the western European peoples must be encouraged by the energy and

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goodwill of the American contribution to victory, financed chiefly by American credit, and fed to a large extent by the increasing products of American farms.

Should the American government decide to double the volume and the speed of its military preparations, it is possible, if not probable, that the larger army would never have to be used. For the ability of the Germans and Austrians to continue the war after the end of the present fighting will not be any greater and may be substantially less than that of the western Powers. If, as the fall approaches, the people of Central Europe are disappointed in their hopes of peace and are asked to renew their effort and prolong their sufferings in order to meet a gathering attack by the American army, they are certain to make serious trouble. Assuming that no decision is reached as a result of the present fighting, the war will then become more than ever a competition in morales. In the competition the German government will possess the advantage of agitating for an early peace, which is what the belligerent peoples all desire. The temptation to succumb might be irresistible were it not for the contribution to victory which America is still capable of making. At this critical moment the one thing which may be sufficient to sustain the morale of the Allies and undermine that of Germany is the unflinching determination and the still untouched resources of the United States. But it will require great courage and tenacity on the part of President Wilson to make American assistance count decisively in building up the moral endurance of the Allied governments and peoples. He will not succeed in counteracting the necessity of an early release from the strain and suffering of the war unless he is backed up by the whole industrial and military power of the American nation.

For and Against the Bolsheviki

IN a letter published on another page a "constant reader" criticizes the editorial policy of this paper for its failure to be more critical of the Bolsheviki. The New Republic holds no brief for the present leadership of the Russian Revolution. We are not engaged in either approving or defending its manifest shortcomings, excesses and dangers. We consider the social and political programmes of the Bolsheviki wholly unsound, and wherever a general or sustained attempt is made to put them into practice the result would in our opinion be calamitous. If the Bolsheviki gained a sufficient headway in this country to become a noticeable danger, we would fight against it just as we would fight against any class programme of social reorganization whose supporters and beneficiaries seek to impose it on other classes by compulsion. The policy which it is now pursuing in Russia is certain to bring about an anti-revolutionary reaction. It is only a question of when the reaction will occur and how far it can be kept under the control of sincere democrats.

At the present time, however, the foregoing statements, although in our opinion true, are not of the first importance. The deadliest enemies of human progress at the present moment are not the Bolsheviki but those reactionaries in Germany and elsewhere who are converting the errors of the Bolsheviki into an excuse for discouraging and frustrating the Russian democracy. The Russian Revolution is one of the great enterprises in the history of human liberation. Like other past enterprises of the same kind, such as the Reformation and the French Revolution, it possesses the majesty and prestige of a massive involuntary popular movement. Its course is being determined by the century-long vicissitudes, sufferings and the suppressed desires of the Russian people. All sincere democrats who are looking forward to the creation of a higher level of individual and associated life as the result of popular emancipation and effort are bound to believe in the Russian Revolution, and to anticipate as its result an incalculable improvement in the chances of human progress. Because they believe in it they wish to safeguard it against a repetition of the intolerance, misunderstanding and enmity which perverted the development of the French Revolution. They wish to secure for it the opportunity of working out its contribution to human amelioration without any avoidable delay and interference.

Unfortunately the revolution occurred at the moment above all others in which its development was most likely to be thwarted or perverted by alien and hostile interference. Russia was engaged in the most colossal war in history. The Russian people had suffered frightfully and the old Russian government had failed miserably. The revolution itself was the reaction against this suffering and failure. Yet during the war the allies of Russia had the right to demand of her military and other assistance, which the revolutionary democracy was physically and morally incapable of giving. At the same time the loosening of the bonds and the radical social agitation which accompanied the revolution afforded its Austrian and German enemies the opportunity of conspiring against its success and a peculiarly strong inducement to carry the conspiracy relentlessly on. This opportunity they have taken, and in so doing they have behaved just as enemies both of Russia and of democracy naturally would behave. Under such conditions

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what should have been the attitude of the nations allied with the old Russia? They needed whatever help the new Russia was capable of contributing to the struggle against German autocracy. How could they best win it? By insisting at any price that the new Russia do violence to herself by fulfilling the military and diplomatic contract of the old Russia? Or by recognizing the presence of physical conditions and a popular national psychology sufficiently different and sufficiently imposing to require of them a modification of their former method of waging their war against Germany?

It is in their answers to the foregoing questions that not only the French and British governments but the great majority of French, British and American commentators have mishandled the new Russia. The revolution was, as our correspondent says, acclaimed in the beginning but not for long. Just as soon as it began to show its hand and to ask for a revision of the imperialist treaties which the Allies had signed with the Tsar, just as soon as the evidence of popular war weariness came to the surface, the work of mishandling began. Eliminating a few liberal English and American journals and a few labor leaders in France and England, we cannot recollect an article or speech between June and November of last year about Russia, which did not attribute the pacifism and the anti-imperialism of the Russian democracy either to German propaganda and gold or to perverse and culpable slacking. There was scarcely any attempt to understand the conditions, the motives, the needs and the aspirations in which the Russian war-weariness and pacifism originated. The Russian people had, according to their critics, no reason to shrink from fighting for the success of treaties which the Russian democracy would naturally detest as part of the Romanoff system, and consequently they should be persuaded, cajoled or coerced into continuing the war. The prevailing writing about Russia consisted in passing superficial, hasty and stupid judgments on Russian behavior.

During our own revolution Burke declared that he knew of no way of drawing up a valid indictment against a whole people. Yet a decade later he himself drew up one against the French people, and recently lesser men have been drawing them by the thousand against the Russian people. It is the old story. Revolutions are stubborn and unruly things which persist in following their own impulses and in disregarding the convenience of other nations; and the peoples whose convenience is upset refuse to accept this revolutionary characteristic. They are always looking for a well behaved, timid, house-broken revolution, which will prayerfully consult their interests and obediently follow their advice. But such revolutions do not exist. All vital revolutions are born of violent reaction against some established iniquity. When the reaction has been accumulating for generations in a country whose history and psychology are as different as are Russia's from those of other nations, the result is bound to assume characteristics which it is more important to understand than to judge or condemn.

The querulous attitude of public opinion in France, England and the United States, reflected as it was in the policy of the French and British governments, tended to interfere with and pervert the normal development of the Russian revolution. Instead of standing by the Kerensky government which was doing its best to combine loyalty to Russia's revolutionary needs with loyalty to Russia's inherited obligations, they made impossible demands on Kerensky and refused or delayed concessions which were indispensable to his survival. Their course did much to undermine the confidence of the Russians in the policy which the nationalist socialists were following of working with the Allies, and so prepared the way for the Bolshevik counter-revolution. Perhaps the Bolshevists would in any event have eventually seized power. But as things actually happened the behavior of the Allied governments offered them their opportunity. They came in when and how they did as a consequence of the inability of official public opinion in the Allied countries to place a correct estimate on how much could or could not still be obtained from the Russian people and to formulate the policy which would make them of most use to the cause of the Allies. The one way in which the anti-German alliance could obtain help from the new Russian democracy, was by handling it with sympathy, understanding and forbearance. Western democrats should be patient with Bolshevik excesses at present because their own policy has undermined the barriers in Russia to the rise of Bolshevikism, and because like the Jacobinism of the French Revolution this intransigeant socialism is manifestly only a temporary eruption. It would be extinguished just as certainly by success as it is now being extinguished by failure. Since Russia is really prostrate and possesses for the time being neither the will nor the means to fight, there is much to be said for keeping the Bolsheviki in power until the necessary tribulation and humiliation of this period are over. Any existing government in Russia will be necessarily discredited and discreditable.

As we pointed out in the beginning, the worst enemies of human progress are not the Bolsheviki who, in spite of their ultimate impossibility, are at

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least keeping alive in Russia a certain organized resistance to Germany. The dangerous enemies are those statesmen and writers, whether in Germany, Japan or elsewhere who are using the antipathy excited by Bolshevikism as a sufficient excuse to attack the revolution and to ignore its interests and needs. The attitude of the New Republic towards the existing political leadership in Russia is dictated by a knowledge of the determination and the malignancy of the forces which are arrayed against the revolution. The only way in which they can be frustrated is by a refusal of democratic governments and peoples to be betrayed by the prevailing falsification of the issue into reenforcing the attack. Mere denunciation of Lenine and Trotzky tends to prolong not to undermine their power. To indulge in it is playing Germany's game. Under existing circumstances a campaign conducted from other countries against the Bolsheviki is practically an attack on the right of the Russian people to national self-determination. Bolshevism might be as dangerous as Prussianism if it were as powerful. It will be overthrown but it should be overthrown, when the time comes, with the consent and by the efforts of the Russian nation. In that case its overthrow might be as permanent as that of Jacobinism in France, whereas if it has to succumb to the enmity of autocratic Germany aided by the connivance of the western democracies, a leverage would be created in Russian popular opinion for its ultimate resurrection.

What then, is to be gained by tilting against the Bolsheviki? We sympathize with them for the moment because of the enemies they have made. When an American attacks them, he is attacking the huge inoffensive and innocent mass of the Russian people, who like ourselves are blindly and blunderingly groping towards better things. If the Russians are allowed to work out their problems without hostile outside interference, they will eventually contribute something to the cause of human liberation as distinctive and probably of greater spiritual value than the contribution made by the French Revolution. The determination that they shall be allowed to do so should be inseparable from the programme of all democrats who participate in the present war. The Russian democracy is entitled for the present to protect the Bolsheviki, because it needs both to use them in order to clear the existing crisis and subsequently to destroy them of its own free will. Otherwise the revolution itself might be involved in their destruction. There are only too many Prussians all over the world who are waiting to cry with gusto "The Russian Revolution is dead," to which there is only one answer: "Long Live the Russian Revolution."

The German Spirit in America

THAT there is a German spirit abroad in America, a spirit that must be overthrown along with the German spirit that is wreaking havoc upon the European continent, is a belief held by too many sincere persons to be dismissed as a mere superstition. How this spirit manifests itself is a point on which observers are far from agreement. One calls attention to the regret with which so many German Americans saw America drift toward war with Germany. But this is not specifically German: other Americans would experience the deepest regret if conditions over which they had no control were hurrying us toward war with England, France or Italy. Another calls attention to the very lively sense of origin that characterizes many Americans of even remote German descent. But German ancestor worship can be matched by English, Scotch or French ancestor worship. Shall we say that the German spirit in America is revealed by the acceptance here of some of the absurd overvaluations of German achievement that pass current in Berlin? The Zulus in Africa are said to believe that theirs are the bravest men and the most beautiful women in the world. If the Americans of Zulu blood shared this belief, we might smile, but we certainly should not be concerned over the Zulu spirit in America.

The German spirit that in the opinion of so many Americans is a real menace to us must be something quite other than the pride of origin and of real or supposititious national achievements and virtues. Such pride we all hold more or less consciously. It must be something quite other than the clannishness that characterizes all immigrant groups, even the Chinese, the least nationalistic of peoples. Now there is in fact a German spirit that is quite distinct from these. It is a direct outgrowth of the intensified German nationalism that began to make itself felt after the Franco-Prussian war. With the development of German world ambitions the German emigrant came to assume a more prominent place in the calculations of the ruling caste. He could be used as an agent of German influence. Hence a conscious effort, directed from Germany, or at least encouraged by Germany, to keep alive in the German emigrant a feeling of dependence upon the Fatherland, of isolation in the land where he is making his home. Anyone who is at all familiar with the German political literature of the last three decades will recall the amusement with which he read the bitter diatribes against the emigrant German for the readiness with which he denationalized himself. The German in Germany desired his fellow countrymen in America to remain German indefinitely. We are no longer amused by the nationalistic Ger-

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man's complaints, because instead of resting with complaints he has devised means for combating Americanization. It is worth noting here that other European nations have followed the German example in trying to keep a hold on their emigrating nationals. The Swedes are a case in point, and there has been sentiment among the Italians for pursuing the same policy. But this only aggravates the German offense.

For the agents of conscious nationalism, experience has taught us to look to the "intellectuals." It is not the German farmer or the German laborer in America who strives to keep his Germanism undefiled. Left to himself he would prefer to adapt himself as closely as possible to his new environment. The German editor, the teacher, the preacher, and to a less extent the lawyer and doctor have inherent reasons, as well as grounds of interest, for clinging to their German connections. Men of these classes have had their minds more or less suffused with the megalomania of Germany as a world power. For them there is always a possibility of a return to Germany, or at least of German recognition of their achievements. The German who works with his hands would return to the Fatherland only at a cost in the way of a lowered standard of life; but this does not necessarily hold true of the intellectual. More important, perhaps, is the fact that the intellectual has a vested interest in keeping Germanism alive among the mass of the immigrants. The editor depends for his subscription list upon those who are not assimilated. The teacher depends, to a larger extent than we were wont to admit before the war, upon a demand for German teaching backed by the political power of the German Americans. The preacher's congregation might dwindle away if the process of assimilation were rapid. The doctor and the lawyer often have compact clienteles of their nationals, although less narrowly restricted than the other professional classes.

The problem that the German ruling classes had to meet, in keeping German nationalism alive among the immigrants, was merely one of playing upon the sentiments of the intellectuals, whose interests fitted them to fall into the scheme. The hold of the intellectuals upon the masses of the immigrants was tightened by our own national short-comings of snobbishness and negligence. We have too readily assumed that the immigrant's peculiar customs and his inability to use English were marks of inferiority. We have closed our eyes to the possibilities of exploitation to which the immigrant is exposed. There are hosts of German immigrants whom we have needlessly permitted to become embittered against us. And now in this supreme national crisis we stand idly by while officious citizens strike blindly at everything German in the fond belief that they are thereby helping to beat Germany. If the German ruling caste has laid the train, we are responsible for placing the charge where an explosion will do the most harm. We mean well; we have always meant well, but intentions do not control consequences.

It is plain that we can not slip back into the easy indifferentism of the pre-war period. We cannot afford to permit the formation on our soil of permanent alien groups. When we come to deal, as democracy requires, with the complicated social problems of reconstruction, we cannot expect to make headway if we have to placate the German vote, the Italian vote, the Jugo-Slav and Czecho-Slovak votes in our political platforms and our lists of candidates. We shall need one homogeneous American vote, splitting on lines of conservatism and radicalism, or if worse comes to worst, on lines of honesty and dishonesty. National unity in time of war is important, but in time of war we have the war powers of the President to fall back on in case of emergency. National unity will be most important in time of reconstruction, when nothing else will give us a clear and honest representation of the national will.

If we are to have national unity, the first requisite is that we keep our own records clean. Let us have no indiscriminate baiting of our fellow citizens of German blood. There are police authorities everywhere available, ready and eager to stamp upon sedition. Tar and feathers, the riding of alleged offenders on rails, compulsory flag-kissings, and the like are doing the Kaiser's work, not ours. One clear case of persecution of an innocent man, merely on grounds of his German origin, makes more for German American separatism than the best efforts of a hundred propagandists subsidized from Berlin.

With our own record clear, we shall be in a position to cope directly with the formal agencies of the German spirit in America. Are the German newspapers actually working to promote assimilation or are they working against it? Such papers as have been habitually working against our national unity clearly deserve suppression, and they could be suppressed without turmoil if we had first made it clear that we are not attacking them for the language's sake. Is German teaching in our schools part of the work of German nationalism? The test is simple. Has instruction in German been introduced in response to impartial and well considered pedagogical considerations, or in response to the demand of an alien political group? In the latter case it ought to be discontinued, and this could be done without outcry if we had antecedently demonstrated that we recognize that in the country

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as a whole we need more, not less German instruction, as we need more instruction in the Latin and Slavic languages. Is the German preacher engaged purely in meeting the spiritual needs of a congregation not yet capable of receiving religious teaching through the medium of English, or is he an outpost of German nationalism, like the Bulgarian priests in Macedonia before the Balkan wars? A good test would be the pains he takes to become assimilated himself. It is not too much to ask a religious teacher who proposes to work among our fellow citizens to know the language and manners of our country.

The extinction of the German spirit in America will not be the work of a day. The Germans in Germany and the Americans in America have cooperated too maleficently to make of the Germans Americans a sect apart. But we intend to shape our social policy more intelligently in the future than we shaped it in the past, and it is not too late for intelligence to dissolve the mass of alien sentiment that now interferes with our political efficiency and threatens to blight our future progress.

Colonel Disque and the I. W. W.

THROUGH a barrier of irrelevant eloquence on the subject of the I. W. W., the Senate has after much delay passed the Chamberlain commandeer bill. The bill, if endorsed by the House, will empower the President to requisition, for war purposes, timber and timber products, rights of way and logging equipment, and to construct and operate logging roads and sawmills. It had generally been supposed that the President already had this power under existing statutes. But the bill was passed at the urgent request of Colonel Disque, in charge of spruce production for the War Department, because he found that under existing laws he was still debarred from important tracts of spruce and ship timber held by absent owners, by owners who could not be located, by enemy sympathizers, and by estates involved in court proceedings.

Colonel Disque's desire to secure right of entry to otherwise inaccessible timber was the immediate occasion for the drafting of the Chamberlain bill. But larger powers are implicit in the measure, and the history of the difficulties which Colonel Disque has had to overcome to meet the critical needs of the Government's aircraft programme suggests that there may have been other considerations in the back of his mind. When he went to the Pacific northwest last September, he found the spruce country in what the President's Mediation Commission described as a "state of seething unrest." As with the strikes in the Arizona copper camps, this unrest was indiscriminately charged by the press to an alleged I. W. W. conspiracy against the war preparations of the government. Liberty Committees, as well as individual employers, were calling for troops to put down the agitators, and when troops were not sent promptly enough or in sufficient numbers to suit them, they occasionally resorted to strong-arm work of their own. Like the President's Commission in Arizona, though by strikingly original methods, Colonel Disque has established an industrial truce in the woods. But the clouds which are gathering over the agreements which the President's Commission left in Arizona, raise the question as to whether the Chamberlain commandeer bill may not have other objectives than momentarily inaccessible spruce.

According to news reports of an address recently delivered by Colonel Disque in Portland, Oregon, he has gone far toward solving the difficult mechanical problem of speeding up spruce production. By energy, skill, ruthless disregard of precedent, sometimes by encroachment upon the nice technicalities of the law, he has opened up enough spruce to meet the immediate needs of the government and its future needs for eighteen months to come. He has greatly reduced the overhead cost of production and cut the time required to move spruce from Oregon and Washington to the Atlantic Coast from fifty to ten days. And more remarkable still, he has devised a novel solution for the perplexing problem of labor adjustment in a country where the majority of the workers belong to the "outlaw" I. W. W. organization. It was because of this fact—the "outlaw" status of the I. W. W. and its strong hold upon the lumberjacks—that the President's Mediation Commission, having imposed collective agreements upon large sections of the disturbed copper country, left the Pacific Coast without negotiating a collective agreement between the lumber operators and their men. But Colonel Disque had to get out spruce, and he apparently realized that the labor problem could not be solved without collective bargaining. He, like the President's Commission, was not prepared to negotiate with the I. W. W., but he did have to deal with the men who belonged to that organization. So he hit upon the ingenious device of changing their name!

He reorganized the lumberjacks into his Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen. Instead of proceeding on the theory that all members of the I. W. W. are by virtue of that fact convinced revolutionists and therefore relentlessly opposed to the government, he proceeded on the assumption that the vast majority of them would respond to reasonable and fair treatment. In this he had the

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precedent established by the federal Forest Service last summer, which recruited ten thousand fire fighters with the cooperation of the I. W. W. leaders at Spokane and Missoula, to guide him. He knew that most men, and migratory workers especially, are children at heart, and that the worst possible way to deal with children who have a real or imaginary grievance is to slap them, yell at them, and generally rough them about. So he went to the strikers, tried to understand their complaints, meet them with kindly good nature, explained the objects of the government in the war, sought their cooperation. The President's Mediation Commission had found that the I. W. W. was filling in the "vacuum created by the operators." Colonel Disque also found this vacuum—and filled it with his Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen.

And having accomplished this remarkable feat of psychological diversion, he persuaded both operators and employees to place their fate in his hands. He called a convention of the Loyal Legion, which was attended by 461 delegates, representing 62,000 men, a large percentage of whom, if we may take the estimates of the U. S. Department of Justice and the published statements of the President's Mediation Commission at their face value, must at one time or another have carried the red card of the I. W. W.—may, indeed, at the time of the convention have held abeyant allegiance to the I. W. W. Like the "treasonable" striking miners of Arizona, these lumberjacks unhesitatingly agreed to abide by the rulings of the government's representative. And Colonel Disque rewarded their confidence by promulgating regulations, which, as many of them said after the convention, exceeded their most hopeful expectations. He inaugurated the basic eight-hour-day without reduction of wages, time and a half for overtime, the six day week, clean camps and relief from the necessity of packing their blankets from bunkhouse to bunkhouse, a traditional evil which had fixed upon the lumberjacks the popular name of "blanket stiffs." For demanding essentially the same reforms, many men had been branded as disloyal outlaws. In his telegram to Senator Chamberlain urging the passage of the commandeer bill, Colonel Disque says that "the patriotic action of employers *and employees* has been beyond question."

The most formidable obstacle to the production of spruce has not, then, been the unreasoning or unpatriotic attitude of the men. It is probable that Colonel Disque's prompt disposition of their real grievances will, to borrow a phrase used by the President's Mediation Commission in analysing the causes of unrest in the copper districts of Arizona, relieve "that balked sense of justice which so often leads to the explosion of a strike." But may it not give rise to a balked sense of self-assertion on the part of the operators once they come to realize the full significance of Colonel Disque's strategy? That is what seems to be happening in certain of the Arizona copper camps where the President's Commission imposed collective agreements upon reluctant mine managers. Certain of these managers, chafing under the Commission's rulings, are in so many devious ways getting back at the former strikers for their apparent victory, that the I. W. W. is springing into new life and there are ominous signs of a renewed interruption of a basic war industry. There is a possibility, fortunately still remote, that certain of these mine managers may break their agreements on the ground that conditions have changed since the Commission's visit, and that they cannot be expected to deal collectively with members of an "outlaw" organization. What if the same thing should happen in the spruce country? Colonel Disque would be unable to deal effectively with the lumber workers unless, through the powers for which he asks in the Chamberlain commandeer bill, he was enabled to take the place of the operators and negotiate with the men directly. May this not be one of his reasons for seeking power to commandeer, not men, but property?

And if it is wise to give the President power to commandeer timber and timber products, and to build and operate logging roads and sawmills, would it not be equally wise to give him power to take over and operate coal and iron and copper mines in an emergency? The interruption of output in any of the basic war industries for whatever reason at this time might prove disastrous to our armies in France.

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A League of Free Nations

The Plain Necessity

GREAT as the sacrifice of prejudice and preconception which any effective realization of this idea of a League of free nations will demand, difficult as the necessary delegation of sovereignty must be, none the less are such sacrifices and difficulties unavoidable. People in France and Italy and Great Britain alike have to subdue their minds to the realization that some such League is now a necessity for them if their peace and national life are to continue. There is no prospect before them but either some such League or else great humiliations and disastrous warfare driving them down towards social dissolution; and for the United States it is only a question of a little longer time before the same alternatives have to be faced.

Whether this war ends in the complete defeat of Germany and German imperialism, or in a revolutionary modernization of Germany, or in a practical triumph for the Hohenzollerns, are considerations that affect the nature and scope of the League but do not affect its essential necessity. In the first two cases the League of free nations will be a world league including Germany as a principal partner, in the latter case the League of free nations will be a defensive league standing steadfast against the threat of a world imperialism, and watching and restraining with one common will the homicidal maniac in its midst. But in all these cases there can be no great alleviation of the evils that now blacken and threaten to ruin human life altogether, unless all the civilized and peace-seeking peoples of the world are pledged and locked together under a common law and a common world policy. There must rather be an intensification of these evils. There must be wars more evil than this war continuing this war, and more destructive of civilized life. There can be no peace and hope of our race but an organized peace and hope, armed against disturbances as a state is armed against mad, ferocious, and criminal men.

Now there are two chief arguments, running one into the other, for the necessity of merging our existing sovereignties into a greater, and if possible, a world-wide League. The first is the present geographical impossibility of nearly all the existing European states and empires, and the second is the steadily increasing disproportion between the tortures and destructions inflicted by modern warfare and any possible advantages that may arise from it. Underlying both arguments is the fact that modern developments of mechanical science have brought the nations of Europe together into too close a proximity. This present war more than anything else, is a violent struggle between old political ideas and new antagonistic conditions.

It is the unhappy usage of our schools and universities to study the history of mankind only during periods of mechanical unprogressiveness. The historical ideas of Europe range between the time when the Greeks were going about the world on foot or horseback or in galleys or sailing ships to the days when Napoleon, Wellington and Nelson were going about at very much the same pace in much the same vehicles and vessels. At the advent of steam and electricity the muse of history holds her nose and shuts her eyes. Science will study and get the better of a modern disease, as for example, sleeping sickness, in spite of the fact that it has no classical standing, but our history schools would be shocked at the bare idea of studying the effect of modern means of communication upon administrative areas, large or small. This defect in our historical training has made our minds politically sluggish. We fail to adapt readily enough. In small things and great alike we are trying to run the world in areas marked out in or before the eighteenth century, regardless of the fact that a man, or an army, or an aeroplane can get in a few minutes or a few hours to points that it would have taken days or weeks to reach under the old foot and horse conditions. That matters nothing to the learned men who instruct our statesmen and politicians. It matters everything from the point of view of social and economic and political life. And the grave fact to consider is that all the great states of Europe, except for the unification of Italy and Germany, are still much of the size and in much the same boundaries that made them strong and safe in the eighteenth century, that is to say in the closing years of the foot-horse period. The British empire grew and was organized under those conditions, and had to modify itself only a little to meet the needs of steam shipping. All over the world are its linked possessions and its ports and coaling stations and fastnesses on the trade routes. And British people still look at the red-splashed map of the world with the profoundest self-satisfaction, blind to the swift changes that are making that scattered empire, if it is to remain an isolated system, almost the most dangerous conceivable.

Let me ask the British reader who is disposed to sneer at the League of nations and to say he is

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very well content with the empire, thank you, to get his atlas and consider one or two propositions. And first let him think of aviation. I can assure him, because upon this matter I have some special knowledge, that long distance air travel for men, for letters and light goods and for bombs, is continually becoming more practicable. But the air routes that air transport will follow must go over a certain amount of land for this reason that every few hundred miles at the longest the machine must come down for petrol. A flying machine with a safe non-stop range of 1,500 miles is still a long way off. And now will the reader take the map of the world and study the air routes from London to the rest of the empire? He will find them perplexing—if he wants them to be "all-red." Happily this is not a British difficulty only. Will he next study the air routes from Paris to the rest of the French possessions? And finally will he study the air routes out of Germany to anywhere? The Germans are as badly off as any people. But we are all badly off. So far as world air transit goes, any country can if it chooses choke any adjacent country. Directly any trade difficulty breaks out, any country can begin a vexatious campaign against its neighbor's air traffic. It can oblige it to alight at the frontier, to follow prescribed routes, to land at specified places on those routes and undergo examinations that will waste precious hours. But, so far as I can see, no European statesmen, German or Allied, have begun to give their attention to this amazing difficulty. Without a great pooling of air control, either a world-wide pooling or a pooling at least of the Atlantic-Mediterranean Allies in one air league, the splendid peace possibilities of air transport—if they are indeed splendid—must remain very largely a forbidden possibility to mankind.

And as a second illustration of the way in which changing conditions are altering political questions, let the reader take his atlas and consider the case of that impregnable fastness, that great naval station, that key to the Mediterranean, Gibraltar. British boys are brought up on Gibraltar and the Gibraltar idea. To the British imagination Gibraltar is almost as sacred a national symbol as the lions in Trafalgar Square. Now in his atlas the reader will almost certainly find an inset map of this valuable possession, colored bright red. The inset map will have attached to it a small scale of miles. From that he will be able to satisfy himself that there is not an inch of the rock anywhere that is not within five miles or less of Spanish land, and that there is rather more than a semi-circle of hills round the rock within a range of seven or eight miles. That is much less than the range of a sixteen-inch gun. In other words, the Spaniards are in a position to knock Gibraltar to bits whenever they want to do so, or to smash and sink any ships in its harbor. They can hit it on every side. Consider, moreover, that there are long sweeps of coast north, south, and west of the Rock, from which torpedoes could be discharged at any ship that approached. Inquire further where on the Rock an aeroplane can land. And having ascertained these things, ask yourself what is the present value of Gibraltar?

I will not multiply disagreeable instances of this sort, though it would be easy enough to do so in the case both of France and Italy as well as of Great Britain. I give them as illustrations of the way in which, everywhere, old securities and old arrangements must be upset by the greater range of modern things. Let us get on to more general conditions. There is not a capital city in Europe that twenty years from now will not be liable to a bombing raid done by hundreds or even thousands of big aeroplanes, upon or even before a declaration of war, and there is not a line of communication that will not be as promptly interrupted by the hostile submarine. I point these things out here only to carry home the fact that the ideas of sovereign isolation and detachment that were perfectly valid in 1900, the self-sufficient empire, Imperial Zollverein and all that stuff of "damn the foreigner!" are now, because of the enormous changes in range of action and facility of locomotion that have been going on, almost as wild—or would be if we were not so fatally accustomed to them—and quite as dangerous, as the idea of setting up a free and sovereign state in the Isle of Dogs. All the European empires are becoming vulnerable at every point. Surely the moral is obvious. The only wise course before the allied European powers is to put their national conceit in their pockets and to combine to lock up their foreign policy, their trade interests and all their imperial and international interests into a League so big as to be able to withstand the most sudden and treacherous of blows, and surely the only completely safe course for them and mankind—hard and nearly impossible as it may seem at the present juncture—is for them to lock up into one unity with a democratized Germany and with all the other states of the earth into one peace-maintaining League.

If the reader will revert again to his atlas he will see very clearly that a strongly consolidated League of free nations, even if it consisted only of our present Allies, would in itself form a combination with so close a system of communication about the world, and so great an economic advantage, that in the long run it could oblige Germany and the rest of the world to come in to its council.

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Divided the Allies are, to speak plainly, geographical rags and nakedness; united they are a world. To set about organizing that League now, with its necessary repudiation on the part of Britain, France and Italy of a selfish and, it must be remembered in the light of these things I have but hinted at here, a now hopelessly unpracticable imperialism, would, I am convinced, lead quite rapidly to a great change of heart in Germany and to a satisfactory peace. But even if I am wrong in that, then all the stronger is the reason for binding, locking and uniting the Allied powers together. It is the most dangerous of delusions for each and all of them to suppose that either Britain, France or Italy can ever stand secure again alone.

And turning now to the other aspect of these consequences of the development of material science, it is too often assumed that this war is being as horrible and destructive as war can be. There never was so great a delusion. This war has only begun to be horrible. No doubt it is much more horrible and destructive than any former war, but even in comparison with the full possibilities of known and existing means of destruction it is still a mild war. Perhaps it will never rise to its full possibilities. At the present stage there is not a combatant except America which is not now practising a pinching economy of steel and other mechanical material. The Germans are running short of first-class flying men, and if we and our Allies continue to press the air attack, and seek out and train our own vastly greater resources of first quality young air men, the Germans may come as near to being "driven out of the air" as is possible. (No Russian "victories" will make up for that.) I am a firmer believer than ever I was in the possibility of a complete victory over Germany —through and by air. But the occasional dropping of a big bomb or so in London is not to be taken as anything but a minimum display of what air war can do. In a little while now our Allies should be in a position to commence day and night continuous attacks upon the Rhine towns. Not hour-long raids such as London knows, but week-long raids. Then and then only shall we be able to gauge the really horrible possibilities of the air war. They are in our hands and not in the hands of the Germans. In addition the Germans are at a huge disadvantage in their submarine campaign. Their submarine campaign is only the feeble shadow of what a submarine campaign might be. Turning again to the atlas, the reader can see for himself that the German and Austrian submarines are obliged to come out across very narrow fronts. A fence of mines less than three hundred miles long and two hundred feet deep would for example completely bar their exit through the North Sea. The U boats run the gauntlet of that long, narrow sea and pay a heavy toll to it. If only our Admiralty would tell the German public what that toll is now, there would come a time when German seamen would no longer consent to go down in them. Consider, however, what a submarine campaign would be for Great Britain if instead of struggling through this bottle-neck it were conducted from the coast of Norway, where these pests might harbor in a hundred fiords. Consider, too, what this weapon may be in twenty years' time in the hands of a country in the position of the United States. Great Britain, if she is not altogether mad, will cease to be an island as soon as possible after the war, by piercing the Channel tunnel. How different our transport problem would be if we had that now! But such countries as Australia, New Zealand and Japan, directly they are involved in the future in a war against any efficient naval power with an unimpeded sea access, will be isolated forthwith. I cannot conceive that any of the great ocean powers will rest content until such a tremendous possibility of blockade as the submarine has created is securely vested in the hands of a common league beyond any power of sudden abuse.

It must always be remembered that this war is a mechanical war conducted by men whose discipline renders them uninventive, who know little or nothing of mechanism, who are for the most part struggling blindly to get things back to the conditions for which they were trained, Napoleonic conditions, with infantry and cavalry and comparatively light guns, the so-called "war of maneuvers." It is like a man engaged in a desperate duel who keeps on trying to make it a game of cricket. Most of these soldiers detest every sort of mechanical device; the tanks, for example, which, used with imagination, might have given the British and French an overwhelming victory on the western front, were subordinated to the usual cavalry "break through" idea. I am not making any particular complaint against the British and French generals in saying this. It is what must happen to any country which entrusts its welfare to soldiers. A soldier has to be a severely disciplined man, and a severely disciplined man cannot be a versatile man, and on the whole the British army has been as receptive to novelties as any. The German generals have done no better; indeed, they have not done so well as the Allies. But after the war, if the world does not organize rapidly for peace, then, as resources accumulate a little, the mechanical genius will get to work on the possibilities of these ideas that have merely been sketched out in this war. We shall get big land ironclads which

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will smash towns. We shall get air offensives —let the experienced London reader think of an air raid going on hour after hour, day after day —that will really burn out and wreck towns, that will drive people mad by the thousand. We shall get a very complete cessation of sea transit. Even land transit may be enormously hampered by aerial attack. I doubt if any sort of social order will really be able to stand the strain of a fully worked out modern war.

We have still, of course, to feel the full shock effects even of this war. Most of the combatants are going on, as sometimes men who have incurred grave wounds will still go on for a time—without feeling them. The educational, biological, social, economic punishment that has already been taken by each of the European countries is, I feel, very much greater than we yet realize. Russia, the heaviest and worst trained combatant, has indeed shown the effects and is down and sick, but in three years' time all Europe will know far better than it does now the full price of this war. And the shock effects of the next war will have much the same relation to the shock effects of this, as the shock of breaking a fingernail has to the shock of crushing in a body. In Russia today we have seen, not indeed social revolution, not the replacement of one social order by another, but disintegration. Let not national conceit blind us. Germany, France, Italy, Britain are all slipping about on that same slope down which Russia has slid. Which goes first, it is hard to guess, or whether we shall all hold out to some kind of peace. At present the social discipline of France and Britain seems to be at least as good as that of Germany, and the morale of the Rhineland and Bavaria has probably to undergo a very severe testing by systematized air punishment as the year goes on.

Such are the two sets of considerations that will, I think, ultimately prevail over every prejudice and every difficulty in the way of the League of free nations. Existing states have become impossible as absolutely independent sovereignties. The new conditions bring them so close together and give them such extravagant powers of mutual injury that they must either sink national pride and dynastic ambitions in subordination to the common welfare of mankind or else utterly shatter one another. It becomes more and more plainly a choice between the League of free nations and famished men looting in search of non-existent food amidst the burning ruins of our world. In the end I believe that the common sense of mankind will prefer a revision of its ideas of nationality and imperialism, to the latter alternative.

H. G. WELLS.

London.

Free the President

THE biggest bill in this session of Congress is now the Overman bill, and Congress will soon proceed to vote it up or down; and surely the best way to understand the Overman bill is to forget all talk about "autocracy" for a moment and simply to imagine the Overman bill in actual operation and to see and say just what it would actually do, in practice, in detail, in some one particular important matter. Such a matter is Labor, still dangerously unsettled.

Some three months ago the President approved a certain "programme for war labor administration." The spine of it was the establishment of a central labor-policy "service." This central service was to be brought "into touch" with the "needs of the various government departments, including the Shipping Board," for a specific and most wholesome purpose, expressed in the following words:

"—in order that the labor policies [of the various departments] may be *made uniform* and in order that the service thus established under the President's *order* shall adequately meet the needs of the present emergency."

These words were released to the press by the Committee on Public Information for the morning newspapers of January 9th. The central labor-policy service thus became an official Presidential enterprise. The idea of it had been debated for at least six months. Talk was now over. The President, after proper caution and after proper inquiry, had spoken. He had made the idea his own. And he committed it for execution to the Secretary of Labor. And the Secretary of Labor then announced:

"It is the intention of the Secretary of Labor to undertake the work above outlined on an adequate scale."

Seven days later, on January 16th, through the Official Bulletin of the Committee on Public Information, the Secretary of Labor announced that he had appointed an "Advisory Council" to work out the administrative methods of the "war labor administration" and he explicitly said:

"The popular demand for a National Labor Administrator was in effect granted yesterday when Secretary of Labor Wilson assumed the administra-

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tion of a comprehensive war-labor programme."

The "Advisory Council" proceeded to make its report. It made it with admirable promptness, within a week; and it made it also with admirable concreteness. It set up some seven or eight different sections of specialized work to be done within the central labor-policy service. It set up a section for the adjustment of labor disputes and a section for the maintenance of standards of safety and sanitation and a section for the building of houses for un-housed war-workers, and so on. And it carefully and laboriously manufactured a sort of administrative swinging spider-web, very intricate and very mobile, to bring the central labor-policy service "into touch," effectively, with the numerous subordinate labor-services in the War Department, the Navy Department, the Shipping Board and the Aircraft Board. The picture was complete. The programme was perfected. And today we might properly ask:

How is our central labor-policy service getting on? How is it working? Is it, day by day, in practice, successful? And the answer is:

In our central labor-policy service, at the head of the section for the building of houses, there is Otto M. Eidlitz. At the head of each of the other sections there is nobody. In the staff of each of the sections there is nobody. The staffs are nothing. The daily service rendered to the other departments is nothing. The whole thing, except for one head for one section, is nothing. And that one head has nothing to work with. Our central labor-policy service simply does not exist. The Secretary of Labor, who announced himself as our National Labor Administrator two and a half months ago and who said that he had "assumed" the "administration" of a "programme," is not in fact administering any programme at all and never has been. He is solemnly sitting on a stone-cold solid china goose-egg. He may be blamed for misleading the public by clucking as if he had hatched it. But he cannot be blamed in the slightest degree for not being actually able to hatch it. The hatchery is elsewhere.

On February 13th, in a moment of realism, the Secretary of Labor wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury. In it he presented the Secretary of the Treasury with certain "estimates" for appropriations for salaries and expenses for the staffs of a central labor-policy service. No appropriations, no staffs. No staffs, no service. Rather right. On February 13th the Secretary of the Treasury transmitted these "estimates" to the Speaker of the House of Representatives. On February 18th the Speaker of the House of Representatives referred them to the Committee on Appropriations. And there they are. And the House of Representatives shows no sign of any remotest interest in them. The temperature of the hatchery is in the neighborhood of freezing.

It cannot be called fast work. The idea of a central labor-policy service was well started nine months ago. It was well proved, by debate, in principle, six months ago. It was officially adopted by the President and sent out by him as an "*order*" three months ago. And today we are just as much without a central labor-policy service as we ever were.

And now let us imagine the Overman bill in operation. The vitality of it is in its first two sections. Certain Senators say that it gives the President greater powers than were ever possessed by Augustus Caesar. Augustus Caesar must have been a very clever man, and we all ought to study his life as closely as these Senators do. If his powers were smaller than the powers in the Overman bill and he nevertheless became the despot of the ancient civilized world, he did have genius. Fancy him receiving the Overman bill from the Roman Senate and reading it.

By section one he finds that he can take any "functions" or "duties" already possessed by any government "department" or "commission" or "bureau" or "agency" and can "*redistribute*" them. By section two he finds that he can take any of those "functions" or "duties" and can "*transfer*" them from any one "department" or "commission" or "bureau" or "agency" to any other "department" or "commission" or "bureau" or "agency" *already existing*. Up to this point we can suppose him still quite polite and merely yawning and saying: "I hope, gentlemen, that the rest of your bill is more interesting." And the delegation from the Senate would say:

"The rest of it consists of restrictions and limitations upon the part you have already read. By section three we provide that any appropriation made by us for any given purpose must be expended by you for that purpose and no other. By section four we provide that if you conclude that any 'bureau' should be totally abolished, you must report that conclusion to us. And, lastly, by section five we provide that whatever you may do under this bill must be promptly and entirely undone and reversed and cancelled at the end of this present war. We hope you are interested." And Augustus Caesar would say:

"I am thrilled. But I shall not bother to read on. I only want to ask you a question. You have come to tell me that for a limited period I may take any governmental effort established by you and transfer it from any governmental channel established by you to any other governmental channel established by you. Are you asking me to be a King

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or are you asking me to be a Temporary Chief Executive Clerk?"

Woodrow Wilson might make a similar retort to the American Congress today. He might say:

"For weeks and weeks you have been holding my 'estimates' of appropriations for my central labor-policy service. For weeks and weeks you have been holding that bill not only unpassed but undebated. And what would it do if you passed it?

"It would take certain 'functions' and 'duties' already possessed in the matter of Labor by the War Department and the Navy Department and the Shipping Board and the Aircraft Board and it would 'transfer' them, in part, for their central control, to the Labor Department. Are those 'functions' and 'duties' royal? You gave them to me. I do not ask you to enlarge them. I ask you only to center them. They have to be centered. Every group of persons ever assembled to study the subject has said so. The only debatable question is: 'Where shall that centre be?' I have sent you my answer. I have sent you my plan. What is your plan?

"You have none. Always, from the beginning, you have had no plan. You have none now. And what do you say to my plan? Nothing. In a matter which is second to none for the successful organization of the United States to win this war, I send you a plan and your reply to it is nothing. You do not say 'yes.' You do not say 'no.' And you do not offer me any plan of your own. You simply go to sleep. And when I send you the Overman bill and ask you to let me take my own existing labor 'functions' and labor 'duties' and centre them myself, you talk to me in your sleep about Kings and Emperors.

"Some of you have called me a theorist. I ask you to wake up out of your theorizing about 'despotism' and 'autocracy' and come to the practical point. Are you going to be this country's Executive Chief Clerk? Are you going to devise and enact an executive plan about Labor? Then do it. Or, in the name of the war, to which you profess such loyalty, pass the Overman bill and let me do it."

With the Overman bill we would have had a central labor-policy service on January 9th. On that day the President sent his "order" to the Secretary of Labor. But he did not have the money with which to make it an effective "order." The appropriations which could be used for such purposes were in the Purchasing Departments. The Purchasing Departments—War, Navy, Shipping, Aircraft—are able to maintain labor-policy services, legally, out of their appropriations for the buying of war-supplies. With the Overman bill the President could have taken those labor-policy services and could have transferred them, in whole or in part, with all necessary money, to the Department of Labor. And we would now be three months on our way toward an experimental and therefore a true wisdom in the comprehensive national management of Labor.

Further, the Overman bill would enable us to revise our central labor-policy service instantly whenever the need of revision appeared.

Suppose, for instance, that the Secretary of Labor should turn out to be not quite the right man for managing such a service. Without the Overman bill the President might have to say to himself: "I know that he is not a success with this service. But he is a most valuable man to me in every other way. Therefore I cannot and will not ask for his resignation, and the service must go on as well as it can." But with the Overman bill the President would not have to ask for the resignation of the Secretary of Labor. He could keep the Secretary of Labor for all his other duties and simply "transfer" the central labor-policy service to other hands. And if he did not "transfer" it, he would have no excuse.

Again, suppose that the Secretary of Labor turned out to be a perfect Administrator of the Central Labor Policy Service but that we began to build up a real Central Department of Production, like the British Ministry of Munitions. The central labor-policy service would then belong, logically, by universal consent, to that Department. That Department might take its first rise within the War Department. Then the central labor-policy service would have to go there. But the War Department, for any one of a large number of reasons, might cease to be the right place for a Central Department of Production. And the Central Department of Production might take its next rise in the War Industries Board. Then the central labor-policy service would have to go there. Does anybody think that Congress could ever keep up with such shifts? It would be always months behind. But with the Overman bill the President could "transfer" the central labor-policy service, with every shift, instantly. And if he did not "transfer" it, he would have, again, no excuse.

This is a bill for depriving the President of thousands of excuses and for imposing thousands of additional responsibilities upon him and his advisers for increased detailed speed in the fighting of the war. He has asked for it. He could give us no solider proof of his willingness to lead. He could give us no solider proof of his awakened interest in administration. People who say he is "no administrator," and stop there, do not go very far through his character. He is a man of tempera-

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ment. He is many men. He can conceive of himself in any part. He writes himself into the most contrary parts. It brings him into inconsistency in speech. But it brings him into versatility in action. He is fluid. The Kaiser did not know how fluid. And no one doubts the voltage of that battery in his head. And if he should ever really imagine himself and fancy himself as the World's Greatest Administrator, and ever really turn that battery on that task, he would give this country a terrible shock both of surprise and of sudden universal enforced national speed. He would put us on our feet, on our toes. He could do it. The Overman bill most considerably sets him free to do it. Within efforts established by law by Congress, within channels established by law by Congress, it sets him free to force us to speed and more speed and ever more speed. Both houses of Congress ring with cries for more speed. Why do they not ring with ayes for the Overman bill?

WILLIAM HARD.

A New Social Science

THE pronunciamento of the committee of the English Labor party says the war is consuming the peculiar social order in which it arose; that if it is not the end of civilization it is at least the end of an industrial civilization which the workers will not willingly resuscitate. Mr. Schwab, according to newspaper statements, has gone considerably further. He foresees a social renaissance in which the man without property, the workman who labors with his hands, is going to be the man who will dominate the world. I doubt if those who fear and dislike any serious change in the constitution of society could be better served than by the development of a lazy automatism which assumes that as a matter of course tremendous social changes, all tending to improve the condition of wage-earners, are bound to occur after the war. If the change is left to either miscellaneous evolution or miscellaneous revolution to accomplish, the magician will probably disappear at a critical moment and leave things much as before, plus increased unrest and disorder on one side and increased stringency of control on the other. The English manifesto is too wise to indulge in optimistic infantilisms. It recognizes that there is a job ahead which requires an extraordinary union of energy, emotional warmth and intellectual light.

With respect to England, Mr. Hobson in his Democracy After the War has clearly set forth the coalition of forces which will prevent if it can a democratic reorganization of industrial society. This country will be in worse plight in many respects. The employment problem with demobilization of soldiers and munition workers will be immense. The pressure in any case for reduction of high wages will be great; already many employers and large investors want an importation of Oriental labor and would publicly work for it if they thought there was any chance of success. The industrial dislocations effected by the war will affect labor rather than capital, because the effect of war is amalgamation of industries and integration of capital. This relatively fluid and impersonal character will keep capital in the concentrated reservoirs into which the war has gathered it. Powerful financial interests are largely in control of credit and hence of the value of money, and they will have under their management a huge accumulation of evidences of debt bought in conditions of expanding credit or cheap money. Through the contraction of credits which will follow the inflations of war they will be in a position to demand payment with an "honest dollar," that is, dear money. Up to the present there is little evidence in this country of any corresponding organized concentration of power on the part of labor. Its centralization is hampered by a fixed habit of thinking and acting in terms of immediate wages and hours of labor instead of in terms of control of economic conditions. The public shows little signs of intervening to alter the guerilla warfare going on between employers and employed — of which every daily paper gives the evidence. At the best the problem of effective concentration of labor power has all the difficulties of a human problem as against the mainly technical problem of solidifying financial power. In addition to these considerations, effective political action will meet an obstacle which does not exist in Great Britain. Our constitution will presumably be again in force after the war. To see the property-less man in the saddle under such conditions requires a peculiarly exuberant imagination.

Set over against these difficulties and obstructions there is as yet just one large accomplishment sure to become more salient with every month which the war continues: An awakened and altered sense for human affairs. Up to the present the advance is almost exclusively psychological and educational. Fixed beliefs have been shocked into disintegration. Complacent convictions which were thought to be based on reason have been pried loose and the rock of prejudice exposed. Imagination has got used to seeing "impossible" things done in a large way, and the achievement has rendered us docile, more receptive alike to the lessons of experience and to entertainment of strange ideas, of new possibilities. Certain factors in society, especially labor on one side and scientific

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competency or intellectualized skill on the other, have been quickened by the strains of great social emergency to a sense of their pivotal place. Above all, it has been discovered that intelligence and training are available for the conduct of great public affairs in the public interest when occasion generates the will to employ them for that end. The feeling is subtly spreading that after such a demonstration of power in behalf of public concerns, only absence of effective desire, or the power of contrary desire to serve private interests, will permit the restoration of the older order. We have gained a presentiment that what the public wants there is the intelligence and skill to make good; that sinister wants rather than lack of capacity stand in the way. This education, this change in social psychology, is what has occurred. An altered state of imagination and desire will not of itself go far. But it is a condition without which other changes will not go anywhere. A changed outlook due to facing the world from another attitude is a precondition of a permanent invasion of new fields. A clarification of the outlook through definition of the altered attitude is itself a practical undertaking. It signifies something to realize in just what respects the intellectual supports of reactionary conservatism have been weakened. To note that supposed "scientific" foundations are turning into a bundle of myths is to aid in defining what had to be done next. When the cheeks of the augurs so bulge that their speech ceases to be understandable, it is time for a new articulation. The exposed myth is that the existing social order is a product of natural laws which are expounded in a rational, a scientific, way in the traditional sciences of society. A "science" of any subject-matter implies a rational order in that subject-matter. The accepted social sciences do not, indeed, hold that any comprehensive directive intelligence is so much at the base of the existent social order as perforce to justify its being what it is. But political and legal science rest upon the assumption of certain general and fixed conceptions which in the main the present static order exemplifies. Economic science regards the dynamic order of society as the result of the cumulative intelligence of an indefinitely large number of beings, each devoting his own intelligence to the things to which it is peculiarly adapted, namely, the pursuit of interests which lie within personal control. The net result in the existent social order is supposed to be resolvable into an immense assemblage of minute and wonderfully interwoven acts of intelligent adaptation. While sociology has been uneasy under the domination of these sciences, it has largely devoted itself to discovering other "laws," especially those of evolution, which determine society to be what it is and in so far justify it, or which at least throw the burden of change upon the future workings of evolution, that Providence of the modern enlightened man, piously credulous in spite of all his professed scepticisms.

If the war has revealed that our existing social situation is in effect the result of the convergence of a large number of independently generated historic incidents, it has shown that our ordinary rationalizing and justifying ideas constitute an essential mythology in their attributions of phenomena to basic principles and intelligently directed forces. When it is seen that intelligence has for the most part been confined to working within the sphere of these various incidental happenings to glean from each some local usufruct, it becomes apparent that the net result is something irrational, something unplanned and unintended, in short a historic accident. And in turn it appears that any science which pretends to be more than a description of the particular forces which are at work and a descriptive tracing of the particular consequences which they produce, which pretends to discover basic principles to which social things conform, and inherent laws which "explain" them, is, I repeat, sheer mythology. This is the negative side of the education enforced by the war. The need of radical modification of aims and methods in the face of a serious social crisis, which makes clear the extent to which the present order rests upon habit, intrigue, private deflections of social forces to personal uses, love of barbaric luxury and display, secret business and secret diplomacy, reveals how little affairs have been effects of intelligent desire and direction. In so doing, they give a blow in the end certain to be fatal to the "sciences" which assume intelligence and rational law in their explanations and systematizations. One may doubt whether William James foresaw how soon events would confirm his presentiment that a substitution of pragmatic experimentalism for the reign of rationalistic sciences involves an "alteration in the seat of authority."

The exigencies have shown that intelligence exists as an operative power. It has revealed the capacity of organized intelligence to take hold of affairs and direct the movement of massed details. The response of affairs has proved them amenable to such management. A centralized intellectual policy has been demonstrated to be feasible as well as imperatively needed. Empirical description of forces is not, then, the whole of the social science which should replace our rationalized mythology. What is required is large working hypotheses concerning the uses to which these forces are to be put. Legislation, administration and education must be regarded as having the role

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of an experimentation which tests and perfects ideas rather than as a program which merely executes them. There is, of course, an immense amount of empirical subject-matter contained within the confines of existing social sciences. The only trouble is that has been "framed up" and betrayed by its mythical and apologetic setting. When released from this context it is available for defining present tendencies and obstacles, and hence is relevant to the development of plans of social reordering and a technique of social control. Only by becoming instruments of projected action and responsible to consequences effected by action can the social sciences escape from archaic theological designs and from methods framed on the model of a mathematical rationalism which is extinct outside of morals and politics.

The social situation creates a demand for such a science if the intelligence to be brought to bear on social reconstruction is not to be lamed and confused. A happy presentiment is displayed in the fact that the English Labor programme terminates with a demand for science and yet more science, and in the fact that the hand worker and brain worker are everywhere coupled. But the outcome will be as happy as the instinct only if it be acknowledged that a new social order cannot be built with the help of a science inherited from an old social order. The war ought to give a final blow to that myth still current in Marxian circles that a new era will be ushered in by the breakdown of the present regime of capitalism due to the completed evolution of the latter, a breakdown in which it remains only for the proletariat to step in and take complete possession. The doctrine smacks, of course, of the Hegelian dialectic of opposites. But that is only its formal aspect. Its subject-matter is the belief in a catastrophe, an end of the world, to be followed by a millennial period. This recurrent doctrine always testifies to the existence of a desire which is not capable of translation into specific means and ends through intelligent action. Its adoption into "scientific socialism" is merely a confession of the absence of science, of the absence of that spirit of projecting, reasoning and experimenting in terms of detail which is the mark of every science that has achieved itself. The war has shown, I repeat, that it takes detailed intelligence, not mere desire, however praiseworthy, to manage society in an emergency. It has thereby cleared the way for a science of ideas in action which will trust not to negative forces, to bankruptcy, to bring about what is desired, but to positive energy, to intellectual competency, to competency of inquiry, discussion, reflection and invention organized to take effect in action in directing affairs. The result will not be sudden and millennial. But it will be steady; and, as in all experimental science, a mistake will be a source of enlightenment and not a cause of reaction.

JOHN DEWEY.

Debussy

CLAUDE-ACHILLE DEBUSSY, musicien de France, so he set himself down, in a mood of gallant defiance, on the title page of one of his war time compositions, and the description is exact. This musician is French in his love of this world, in his readiness to be hypnotized by its rhythm, in his allegiance to and dependence on the art of words. All the limitation which his patriotic phrase implies is found in his music, and all the economy, elegance and fastidiousness.

Look at the Pianoforte titles he chooses, and at their implications—Voiles, La Cathédrale engloutie, La fille aux cheveux de lin, Le vent dans la plaine, Poissons d'or, Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut. Look at what else there is besides fancy in calling a piece of music Général Lavine—eccentric, or Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum, or Hommage à S. Pickwick, Esq., P.P.M.P.C. Even as afterthoughts, even when they appear in brackets at the end of a composition, as if by way of attenuation, these names are signs of his unwillingness to trust himself altogether to the unsubstantial element of music, of the uneasiness he feels unless he is swimming with one foot on the bottom, reassured and supported by contact with another art. Loving the speech of France, and inspired by it, Debussy seems reluctant to venture without its aid beyond his depth.

Not less characteristic of French musicians is their geographical turn of mind, that liking for foreign places and exotic life, of which the extreme example is Saint-Saëns, who is always making the sounds of all nations. Debussy is not so wide a traveller, but he does spend an evening in Granada, he does take us to Iberia, to the tomb of the naiads, to the special heaven where Rossetti's Blessed Damozel was lonely. From a visit to the Javanese Village, at some Paris exposition, he comes away with the idea of a village all of bells, of Chinese pagodas with bells of all sizes tinkling all the time, and the result is Pagodes, which is melodious without being melody. Nor did bells have to be foreign in order to take his imagination captive, as his Cloches à travers les feuilles is enough to prove. Unique, a thing that nobody else has done so vividly, what is it but a landscape sounding, a vocal landscape of parish bells?

This world, to whose sounds he often reacted almost mechanically, reproducing them whenever

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they are called by name in his text, making a harp sound when his author says harp, this actual world was a "great good place" in Debussy's ears, and also to his eyes. He loved its gardens in the rain, the dancing of its snow, the reflections in its waters, he loved not only to listen to but to look at the wind on the plains, he found this world not only good but good enough. That is why his music is so mundane, pantheistic, why it does not aspire, does not reach upward as Bach's does toward another world, has none of that spiritual quality one finds in the work of all the greatest composers, however different, in Mozart as well as in Bach, and finds too in folk songs, especially in those of northern lands. And this world repaid Debussy's filial love of it. The French are supreme artists in the translation of visible beauty into music, and none is fuller than Debussy's of this beauty.

If you contrast him with the greatest Germans, whose music is aspiring, spiritual, unrelated to this world, lighter than this world's air, you notice not only his pantheism but also the degree to which, because of that nervous makeup characteristic of French artists, he has more pulse than mere love of sound. The greatest men have both in almost the same degree. They are masters, not victims, of rhythm. They know how to give sections of it or multiples, or to command a silence which is ringing with it. The French are so much at the mercy of rhythm that having set themselves to a canter they cannot stop until they get to the stable door.

What a different impression is left by contrasting Debussy with contemporary Germans, those moderns who partake of his interest in tone color, but who are still so full of the egoism of the romantic school, still so bent on turning themselves inside out, that the total effect they make is that of vulgarity. The human revelation is too vivid; their music has a personal odor. Compared with these Germans of today, and also absolutely, without comparison, modern French music leaves an impression of impersonality. When the composer is an exaggerator everything is pared down to the quick, you get a manicured art, disturbingly cut and filed. But when the composer is Debussy what delight you take in his economy, in the absence of surplusage. Endless time he often spent, fourteen years or so over Pelléas et Mélisande, his one opera, that most perfect marriage of words and music, where he treated Maeterlinck's text as a mould into which he poured musical sound. And the time was not too long. He left no soft spots in his work, no places of loose texture, no trace of that everyday facility which his choiceness disdained. Take up anything of Debussy's and shake it, and nothing will drop out. Like the true artist he abhors waste, and no note of his is dispensable, each is structural and bears weight. What distinction in a selecting will that goes its accurate way to ends so chosen!

Debussy was born into a world where for two centuries music had been built on the diatonic scale, and while this is still his chief dependence, he and his school use other scales so generously that their manner of writing may be called modal. What gives this its special individuality, however, is their use of the whole tone scale, a succession of equidistant notes, any one of which may be the point of departure, or key-note. This scale, like a circle, is featureless. The triads formed on each of its tones are uniform, and consist of a major third and an augmented fifth, a limited vocabulary but useful in producing effects of tone-color. Not for nothing was Debussy first of all a pianist, who continued to look at everything from that standpoint, for his instrument is unique, with its rich fundamental and sympathetic vibrations from which shoot multitudinous resultant overtones, a harmonic aurora. Better than any other instrument it lends itself by means of the damper pedal and skilful finger-touch to that mixing of sounds by which Debussy has attained a color, an atmosphere, a mist of sound altogether his. A true modern, a true impressionist, he has used tone-color to soften and to dim the oldtime silhouette.

As new as anything can be is the use to which Debussy and his disciples have put dissonance. According to the school-man a dissonant harmony calls for resolution: it is like the compelling verb. But Debussy and his kind use consecutive seconds and sevenths not as a part of harmonic procedure, but as a mere effect of color. Many a sour chord, many a smudged melodic line has distressed and charmed us.

André Gide has recorded in Nouveaux Prétextes his distrust of any artist whose art gives up all its secrets to the first comer on his first visit. Such has not been the fate of Debussy's. One's earliest impression of his music was lack of sequence, lack of unity, chaos, loose beads. One heard him again and again, unable at first to find the string for all these beads, but there it is and was, you have hold of it at last, as soon as you realize how his very clever use of the organpoint, a fixed tone in any part of the compass, and common to all the varying harmony, holds everything together and gives unity to the mass.

The music I love best happens also to be the music I think the greatest. Best of all I love the classical period at its height before the French revolution, the high purity that went with abstractness and beauty of line. But one may agree with

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me, one may feel this, and yet feel also how a conservative is broadened by the experience of this new French manner, an experience difficult enough when the manner was quite new, but when once the difficulty is conquered so repaying and rewarding and enriching. In this new manner Debussy was the kind of master we must allow any man to be who does exactly what he sets out to do and who convinces his public. The fact that he didn't set out to do more—well, that is his own affair. Nor is it true that Debussy did no more than he exactly intended. He and his followers have emancipated music from the school of romantic egoism. They have brought back objective art through the medium of tone-color. They have caused an evolution in the language of music, have prepared a new technique for the great man when he comes.

PETER WARREN.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Give Us Good Answer"

[We print below a letter from two Japanese, on the Pacific Coast, to their employer.]

We are so sorry to trouble you that we compelled to present a petition to you.

We would like you raise our wages ten per cent more than present.

There is a reason about it. Please let me explain. Our job has so much responsibility on us, yet wages is comparatively cheap and it quite unable to leave eyes even a short time. The sound jars on our nerves so much we feel getting so weak day by day.

A man cannot help being partial their own avarice for the money. Of course, we are trying our best on job but we are uncomfortable about wages all the time. This might give rise a shortage of efficiency.

Please think our request with your merciful heart and give us good answer.

If you would grant our request we should be great oblige to it.

Yours very obedient,
(Signed) _____

Revolting Contortions of Russia

WHILE I am fully in sympathy with your conviction that history has taught the necessity of patience in the contemplation of the storms and inconsistencies following all revolutions, I cannot but find your impatience against the world's impatience at the present leadership of the Russian Revolution or rather Revolutions as the one unaccountably unjust and unenlightened thing I have found in the New Republic. I cannot agree that the Russian revolutionary democracy has received "maltreatment" at the hands of the "great majority of French, English and American commentators," till it wore out all patience by the vacillating, cruel, and mad policy of its leaders, which has not only endangered and discredited its own hopes of social democracy, for the time being, but those of the whole world in so far as they are at all similar. It does not seem to me just on your part that all leniency and trust should be displayed to the wholesale slaughter of innocents authorized by the Bolsheviki and the miserable vacillation they have displayed in regard to the German invasion and that no sympathy or understanding on your part should be expressed for what seems to me a very moderate outcry against it on the part of the Allied public opinion. I suppose no great political movement in the world's history was ever received with such universal joy and thankfulness as the original Russian Revolution. Considering the depth of disappointment which has followed its subsequent course taken in conjunction with the terrible common danger confronting the democracy of the world, the consternation at the present revolting contortions of the Russian Government is not to be wondered at. The wonder is the more or less humorous indulgence which the ordinary rank and file of civilians everywhere is still willing to accord them. It seems to me one of the most promising signs of the times.

A CONSTANT READER.

New York City.

Do Your "All" Not Your "Bit"

SIR: This morning I got up and read the paper. The front page was filled mostly with war news. It looks as if the Germans had commenced their spring offensive with a big attack on the Cambrai sector. The English admit losses. From the British admiralty office, comes the report that has hithertofore been withheld—the statement that the submarines are sinking ships twice as fast as we can build them. These German successes appal and depress me, and I ask myself again and again, "What can *I* do to help?"

I am a girl, twenty-one years old. Last June I graduated from college. There must be hundreds of others like me. This year, because I did not want to teach—the only thing that I am at all trained to do, I stayed at home. I have really tried to "do my bit," but I have become convinced that, as a French officer said, "we must do our all; our 'bit' is not enough." What have I done? There are five in our family younger than I am. I have made beds, and have swept and dusted. I have taken the children to the dentist's and the baby for walks. I have done the marketing and have abstained from eating meat and wheat. I have gone to the Red Cross rooms two or three times a week to make bandages, and have knitted in my spare moments. I have helped with Red Cross benefits, and have diligently studied French. All this has kept me busy. Isn't there something more important that I could be doing? I am possessed of at least average intelligence, a good education and splendid health. Isn't there something I can do to help in a bigger way? If I had been a boy there would have been no question. No one is dependent on me; I am tied down by no obligations. I would have enlisted as my cousin, three months my senior, did, and I would have worried no more about where my duty lay. It isn't that I don't realize fully the importance of food conservation, and of helping the Red Cross, and of assisting with the housework. I do. But that can all be done by women who are already occupied with other things, families, and jobs, and careers. It is more or less incidental to their day's work. Isn't there some place where I, and the others like me, could be of more use than we are now? Isn't there some way that we can do our "all" instead of our "bit"? I want to help and I don't know how.

VIRGINIA DIXON.

Missoula, Montana.

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After the Play

HAVE you ever been jaded? Certainly not. No self-respecting person has ever been too bored to be alone, too selfish to seek company, too weary to seek culture. No self-respecting person has ever felt that the world was his oyster, and the oyster-opener lost. But in New York in springtime, alone, the moon foolishly full, the city emptily noisy, you may have wandered out to be entertained, in that condition of uninventiveness for which we so justly blame statesmen; and you may have bought yourself a dollar ticket at a Keith vaudeville theatre, a dispirited human outcast. You do not expect to enjoy yourself. You look forward to a dismal evening. But there is a black gulf of boredom and it yawns barbarously to be bridged.

There is one seat left on the extreme right. You are sold that seat. You lean wearily on your arm-rest. Your neighbor leans on the same arm-rest. You hate your neighbor and retire ten miles behind your frontier. The orchestra three rows away clatters an opening salutation. You prepare to be bored.

But you do not prepare sufficiently for the powerful weight of boredom that is decreed. A Jewish youth saunters on to the stage in front of the garden-curtain. He is a songster, a nonchalant songster whose God-given instrument is his nose. He is slight of figure, thin-featured, pigeon-chested, but he produces barbed-wire sounds with practically no effort, he learned to vocalize on the Bronx subway, to penetrate stone and steel. This youth is in evening clothes and completely pomaded. The only sign of temperament is his sliding eyebrow. He sings John McCormack's sentimental song, I Hear You Calling Me, with his chin on his chest, as if the call were a reproof hopelessly unwarranted. There is no more sentiment in his tone than in the tone of an adding machine. He has a partner in this team-play of melody, another youth. This youth sings falsetto in imitation of Tetrazzini. He is a Jew, pock-marked, under-sized, bow-legged, with a face that vaguely suggests Punchinello. He too is in evening clothes, but the cruelty of a hair-cut that quarantined his ears gives one an impression of an unfinished product. His singing is persistent, strenuous and harsh.

Something malignant seizes on these singers and gloats over their imperfection. Poor ill-equipped entertainers, children of rags and rag-time, it will be a miracle if they ever reach the Broadway stage—alive.

They are followed by two song-and-dancers, Mimi and Fifi, dancers of an unknown and probably remote century and not badly preserved. Each is blonde, with a shock of curls. Each has a receding chin, and a gummy smile. They smile continuously while they move vigorously and ungracefully in unison, dressed as goslings; or they smile separately in separate turns as ballet-girl and vocal sprite. No one could say that they were not willing laborers in the vineyard. They labor mightily. One could only wish that they were among the laborers who had been called at the eleventh hour.

Something malignant seizes on these dancers and gloats over their imperfection. Poor mechanical toys, step-children of grace and comeliness, one wonders by what trick of destiny those laborious limbs had to tread the theatrical instead of the household boards.

Mimi and Fifi retire profusely and are succeeded by a hee-haw team that is amusing. A country postmaster and a chorus-girl, a little light patter, a song. The girl of this team is rhythmic but disappears abruptly, and the act flattens out. In a moment she slides back, however, the postmaster's fool daughter carrying a black cat. She has somewhat outgrown her childish pink gingham dress. The humor of this maiden is extraordinarily primitive. She flings her legs here and there in an abandon of village embarrassment, she snuffles and hee-haws and wriggles, but out of her vulgarity (with one barbarous gesture kindly unmentioned) a considerable amusement is generated, and when she begins to dance with rapid and accentuated rhythm she quickens the pulse of the evening. Her last hee-haw is remembered regretfully, especially when her successors are implanted.

Here Are Ladies, if you like, the fattest lady and the thinnest lady in vaudeville, with a stream of personal banter as the excuse for their appearance. The thin lady sings. A note of beauty, for a moment, steals ashamedly into her voice, but is soon a fugitive, too lonely to remain. The fat lady returns, dressed as Buster Brown, and chants of her fatness until the melodious skeleton has time to change to tights. Then, a leg show, piano legs competing with console legs. The humor of deformity, on the level of the Australian Bushman.

Dejection hounds the refugee who sought Keith's vaudeville. The pit of boredom is black. But there is a change on the stage, a grand piano stands in a pleasant room, and a young woman enters, wearing a handsome blue-green dress, with a silk turban and a shawl with fine-striped edges. A young man in a brown street suit is with her, and they begin to chaff because she chooses to start the party by sitting on the floor.

It is the tone of her speaking voice, I think, that is first of all arresting, and then the camaraderie of her smile, and then the beauty of her gesture and her dress. A personality! The presence of art is tangible, the audience is unified, the air intense. And she has only come on.

What does she do? Her chatter with the man is trivial, almost insipid, but she intends to sing, and is singing, after an easy transition, the ballad of a penitent Negro. Here is the quintessence of impersonation, with a shrug of the shoulders, a sway of the torso, a lilt of the head. It is the art of Nora Bayes that with these touches she can sing her deep way into the core of a character, a character full of color and the gay feeling that both personifies and is amused. She carries back to her comedy with Irving Fisher. His role is a sentimentality that she continually rags. Her forte is a rough laughing common sense—something of the bad boy in it, something of the dangerous woman, something of the natural girl. Sound intelligence and vigorous judgment have coped with a rich vulgarity and tempered it. There is taste, a thorough artist's taste, in every spacing and movement of her act, in her deep bell-like tone.

And she, too, is Jewish. Like the scrawny youths at the commencement, she sings for a living, as clearly a star as they are mud-carp, as clearly an artist as they are routineers. She makes a patriotic appeal, a liberty loan appeal, and her voltage gives it illumination, it tears potent meaning out of hackneyed doggerel words, it flings a line of defense into Keith's vaudeville theatre, and heartens the civilian to hold that precious line. Could art go farther than to make this thrilling? A vitality so free, so perfectly commanded, has a comradeship with something besides Mimi and Fifi, or the fattest and the thinnest ladies. The gulf of boredom is bridged by grace of Nora Bayes.

F. H.

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Books and Things

AMONG my books I have just come across a mutilated volume of plays—an act and a half of Man Marks the Earth, and a nearly complete last act of Room at the Top. I seem to remember buying the book, five or six years ago, at a second hand shop, and putting it on an unfrequented shelf. The title page is missing. No printer's name appears anywhere, but from internal evidence I put the author down as American. I quote a few scenes from the first act of Man Marks the Earth, in the hope that somebody will tell me who wrote it. My curiosity is not acute, yet I should rather like to know whether my guess is correct as to the date of the play, which I assign to the nineties of the last century.

The scene shows a two storey room in a New York apartment house. It is after dinner. The men have not yet come in. The hostess, a young woman called Penda Beeching—wasn't Penda, by the way, the name of an early king of Britain?—is sitting with her mother, who seems to have taken an Englishman for her second husband, and with two friends, May Wheatley, conventionally conventional and rather prim, and Mrs. Arden, very low-necked and preternaturally calm.

May is surprised to hear that Mrs. Arden, who has seven children, wants more.

Lady Merriam: Why should you be surprised, my dear? One has only to look at Beatrice Arden. An excess of temperament, decidedly an excess of temperament. Of course she will continue to have children. Where there's so much fire there must be some smoke.

May, frankly disgusted: Upon my word, Lady Merriam!

Penda, bending affectionately toward her mother: You're feeling very fit tonight, aren't you, mamma?

Lady Merriam: Dear me, I suppose what I said *was* clever. All my life I've lived in terror of bright old ladies and now I *am* a bright old lady. It's most annoying.

Mrs. Arden, a little wistfulness showing through her almost opaque serenity: I wish my husband could hear you, Lady Merriam. He always says I'm a bit of an iceberg.

Penda: Not an iceberg, Beatrice. Only one-ninth of an iceberg shows.

Mrs. Arden, after a moment's thought, simply: I'm glad you like my dress.

Nothing much happens in the first act. Lady Merriam says to Penda, of her husband: "That reminds me, my dear. Beeching's manners have improved since my last visit to New York. But still I wonder who he *could* have known before he knew *us*." Later, when the men have come in, and are talking of a Swiss peak some of them intend to climb in the summer, Beeching says of mountaineering, with what the playwright calls devastating oratory: "No doubt the danger attracts minds of a certain stamp. Personally, I have never undergone the fascination of danger, although I am in no sense of the word a timid man. I neither court danger nor shun it. And, after all, there is danger everywhere. Under the polished surface of modern life there is still the wild beast in each of us, capable of being deadly to his mates." Beeching's pompous silliness points to a husband-wife-lover play, yet I am not sure. One of the men, May Wheatley's brother, unmarried, does make a mild brand of love to Penda, when she and he are alone, but she more or less laughs at him:

Wheatley: Don't laugh, Penda. You make me feel that you don't really care two straws.

Penda: Not half a straw, Lewis. No—listen. I like you very much. But not "too well," as you call it. Not in that way at all.

Wheatley: You've made that clear enough. As clear as your eyes.

Penda: And I've a piece of advice to give you—*from* an old friend *to* an old friend. If ever you care about a woman—really care, I mean—either keep the fact to yourself, whether she's married or not, or else say so straight out. Don't go about, as you've been doing the past few weeks, letting her know in little treacherous ways.

Wheatley, deeply hurt: Treacherous? I don't much like that.

Penda: Well, what else would you call it?

Wheatley: You make me feel all kinds of an ass.

Penda: And that's often a tonic feeling, isn't it? Anyhow, more bracing than the way you've been making me feel, lately. For although I've not thought much about your behavior—I've been fearfully busy—yet it *has* given me a curious self-consciousness, so that being with you isn't so pleasant as it used to be.

Wheatley, gratified: So it *was* pleasant? Really?

Penda: Yes, yes, of course. But lately you've made me feel as if—well, as if the air about me were heavy, languid, enervating, tropical. So much so that at one time, if you had come to me and said "I love you"—like that, you know, frankly, stupidly—I should have welcomed the words like a breath of the north in the south.

Wheatley: But how could I say it before I knew how you felt? And I'd say it like a shot now, if you only cared.

Penda: Oh, now! It doesn't matter what you say now.

Wheatley: You really care as little as all that?

Penda: That's not the reason. It's merely that I've found the key to your behavior. It's your confidence, your absolute confidence that no matter what you said to me you would still be safely talking to the wrong woman.

Wheatley: The wrong woman, Penda? The woman I've loved so long across the seas?

Penda: Well, a woman whose indifference you could rely on, if you like that better. You see, I had a sudden vision of you, Lewis, I saw you talking in the same strain to a woman who loved you, and who was unwise enough to believe you meant all you implied. And when you found out what you were in for—when you made the shocking discovery that she was the all-or-nothing sort, with all her hopes on all—well, you got a nasty jar, Lewis. I could see you pull your moustache, the way you're doing now, and I could perfectly hear you say, "H'm! That's damned awkward."

After a scene between Penda, her husband and her mother, a scene in which we learn that Penda wants a divorce, that he is dead against it, Penda and Beeching are left alone, and the act ends in unexpected and irrelevant violence, which I won't go into. The impression left, as I said before, is of an author who wrote in the nineties, when lively old ladies trying to shock us were in fashion, and who touched his manuscript up, who put in words like "uplift," several years later. Some day I hope to learn whether I have guessed right, and whether anybody else ever heard of these plays.

P. L.

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Out of a Bygone Age

Diplomatic Days, by Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.00.

IF you pick up two books on the same subject, one written just before the French Revolution, the other after 1795, you are pretty sure to be impressed by a subtly pervading difference, as if the books had sprung from fundamentally different civilizations. I am not speaking of books dealing with history or political science, whose subject matter would account for the change, but of books on such subjects as music, belles lettres, or natural history, upon which the enthusiasms and agonies of the Revolution could have had no direct bearing. After the Revolution there was a new tone in men's thinking. Perhaps it was because they were less disposed to take anything for granted. Old values had been challenged, and even men who regarded those values as unshaken felt the necessity of offering a formal defense of them. Is a similar change silently working its way over the thought of today? Sometimes one gets an inkling that this is the case. These letters of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's, for example, written between May, 1911, and October, 1912—what is it that makes them sound like a voice from the dim past?

Mexico, to be sure, is still the same land of wonder and beauty and passion; why should an obscure change in world thinking alter the values in Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's beautiful pictures? Will any political change in the world abate the enthusiasm with which one first beholds "the two great volcanoes, high, rose-colored, serene, ineffably beautiful against the sky, still a pale tint of bleu de nuit?" And will any age fail to respond to scenes like the following?

"The lakes were yellowish silver mirrors, the eternal hills swam in their strange translucence, the great volcanoes pierced a lovely sky; all quite relatable, except just what it is that pulls your soul out of you as you look upon the deathless beauty and think of the dark, restless, passionate races whose heritage it is. As we turned to descend the old stone way, the shining city afar was as if suddenly dipped in purple, but the sky above was of pure and delicate tints, lemon, saffron, and pale pink. We drove silently home in a many colored twilight."

Mexico has never been so gorgeously painted in words; one is tempted to quote indefinitely. But what we are now trying to puzzle out is why even the author's landscapes date themselves as of an earlier era. Perhaps there is a clue in this: "There was an immense exhilaration in the fitting of the mind to such a remote and gorgeous horizon, and suddenly I found it did not matter if it were peopled or not." To the diplomatic mind of other years, the population was a more or less negligible encumbrance that went with the land. "In the tropics the white man is king, be he Yankee, Spaniard or Northman, and it is part of the lure. The abundances of Mother Earth are for his harvesting; a strange native race seems there to do him honor, render him service, asking only in return enough of the abundance to keep soul in body for the allotted span. Exploiters, some would call them; but it seems to me they gather up all this vague splendor, this endless abundance, with benefits to the greater number." And just one more quotation to clench the point: "But now, with disorders menacing huge foreign interests a new element of discord and complication comes in. As the generations renew themselves with certainty and promptness, in the end the blow to things industrial is the most serious; and don't think me heartless for stating this simple, cruel truth."

Men and women massacred do not count for much, but alas for the railways torn up, the mines sealed, the oil wells set ablaze! There used to be such a point of view. It would not greatly interest us if it had been the point of view of an individual, but it was that of a caste, the international diplomatic corps of an age which had never thought of democratizing this fraction of its life. It was the point of view of Americans as well as of British, Germans, Japanese. Did this greatly matter? We must bear in mind that the diplomatic corps at Mexico City represented in Mexico international public opinion. And Mexican events could not move wholly without regard to the public opinion of the world.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy arrived in Mexico City near the time when the Diaz régime gave way to that of Madero; and her volume reflects the opinion of the diplomatic corps almost up to the Huerta revolution. There was naturally great regret over the fall of Diaz. The memory of Diaz transmitted by Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is that of a strong man, upright, intelligent, who gave Mexico order and prosperity, and encouraged taste and culture. Her attitude toward Madero is at first one of open minded curiosity. He struck her as a type apart, not specially Mexican, such a type as appears rarely in history. She noted the illumination of his plain, indefinite features, "he seemed scarcely to be walking with the sons of men." He had been dubbed the Apostle, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was apparently not absolutely certain that the title might not have mystic significance. This, however, was an individual variation of opinion. It is worth noting that while Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was thus groping for the essence of the man, her husband, our efficient secretary of the legation, was trying to get Madero as presumptive presidential successor to commit himself to the settlement of some rather exorbitant American claims for injuries inflicted in border affrays. Mr. O'Shaughnessy was not very successful in this, and apparently formed an unfavorable opinion of Madero in consequence.

As time passed diplomatic opinion set steadily against Madero. He was "wrapped about with illusions and dreams." "His glance was more than usually introverted and speculative, his unacquisitive hands were behind his back; but can Mexico be governed by a well disposed President from Chapultepec terrace?" So the author writes on March 7. On April 26 she writes, "That dreamy face of his makes me think of the schoolboy's definition of an abstract noun, 'something you can't see,' and those hands, with their soft and kindly gestures, are so unfitted for grappling with this special Leviathan—and consequences are pitiless. Alas for the peu de politique et beaucoup d'administration of Diaz." On May 5 she notes that the "Apostle" is beginning to feel the need of armed forces at his back; "appeals to virtue are not proving more sufficient for government here than they would be elsewhere." On May 7 she sets forth that "all business enterprises are deadlocked, and many dark, as well as light complexioned ones, having things to put through, doubtless long for intervention." And on September 16 she reports the caustic remark of the French ambassador, "Il veut gouverner avec des vivas." Diplomatic opinion had tried Madero and had found him utterly wanting. It had also reflected upon the merits of possible successors, De la Barra, man of the world, Lascurain, shrewd and energetic, Huerta, *muy hombre*. It had speculated upon the possibility that Madero might be removed

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by violence and had unconsciously condoned such action in advance.

Madero had been judged by the ruling class standards that dominated the diplomatic world before the war. By those standards he had been condemned, outlawed. Approval had been assured in advance for his removal from office by whatever methods were customary in the twilight zone of nascent nations, where the gulf between ruling class and democracy seems an abyss. Was the shrewd, ambitious old Indian Huerta unconscious of the trend of diplomatic opinion? And would he have undertaken his desperate enterprise if he had not derived therefrom a certain moral backing? Crimes of ambition, let us remember, are rarely committed without the sanction of some kind of morality. Ruling class morality urged the forcible removal of Madero; democratic morality forbade it. Which was the more authentic? Huerta governed himself by the ruling class morality and made himself personally responsible for a deed to which he was impelled by the unconscious forces emanating from a system, essentially international. If the diplomats had been a little less convinced of the validity of their "strong man" ideal, a little more patient with democratic enthusiasm, the recent history of Mexico might have been quite different. They meant to be impartial, but the tradition prevailing among diplomats before the war forced them to an attitude of thumbs down.

And while silent forces were relentlessly drawing Madero toward his doom, life went on very pleasantly in the diplomatic corps. There were gorgeous dinners and charming teas, delightful excursions into the country, much collecting of antiques and strange old coins. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy recounts it all with inimitable charm. It is a type of life now strangely archaic that she depicts; but her art, like the delicate art of the ancien régime of France, remains worth while for its intrinsic beauty.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

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NEW YORK

New York

A Loiterer in New York, by Helen W. Henderson. New York: George H. Doran Co. $4.

New York of To-day, by Henry Collins Brown. New York: Old Colony Press.

The Book of New York, by Robert Shackleton. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.

BOOKS about New York seem to be written more or less according to formula. The height of the Woolworth Tower, the "seated" look of the Public Library, the curb brokers in Wall Street, the stable-studios in MacDougal Alley, Grant's Tomb, the Jumel Mansion, Delmonico's, the pinching poverty of the East Side, the night "spender" on Broadway, the echoing footsteps on Brooklyn Bridge, the splendor of Fifth Avenue, the subway, the Palisades—nothing is forgotten. And just as unerringly we are thereupon hastily assured that all of this, singly or en masse, by no means goes to make up what is the *real* New York.

Of the three books before us, A Loiterer in New York swerves farthest from the formula and is least concerned with the height and the length and the depth and the breadth of things. To Miss Henderson the city is something to love and admire. Its chief builders are men like Henry Kirke Brown, Charles Follen McKim, Saint Gaudens, Frederick MacMonnies, Paul Wayland Bartlett, John La Farge, and Stanford White. She deplores the tendency to give it a purely commercial character.

> "How many of the throng that presses daily before the Stock Exchange stop to bestow a passing glance upon its handsome pediment, or turn to do homage to Ward's great masterpiece upon the steps of the Sub-Treasury? The Woolworth Building is famous for its height; who ever considers the beautiful detail of its lacy tower? One who stops in the Hall of Records to admire the rich stone mosaic of the entrance lobby, the work of William de Leftwich Dodge, or upon busy Dey Street to view the panels of the four elements, made by Paul Manship, on the new building of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, does so at his own risk, and is looked upon almost with suspicion by the preoccupied public, scurrying along in quest of the chinking coin."

As a refreshing bit of informal art criticism, take this sentence describing the figure of Abundance which tops the Plaza fountain: "She is best seen from the rear, as one comes up the Avenue, her strong, young body silhouetted against the sky." Regarding the removal of Ward's statue of Horace Greeley from against the façade of the Tribune Building to its present location before the City Court, Miss Henderson voices a decided protest. She disposes summarily of the old controversy regarding Bartlett's six figures above the main entrance of the Public Library by suggesting that the public objected to them chiefly because it abhors change. "All it asks is to rest in the security of accepted tradition—not to be made to think."

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Perhaps no further illustrations are necessary to make clear Miss Henderson's thesis. To her the city is a thing of light and shade and line—a thing made beautiful by the noblest efforts of man. Is this the *real* New York? Or is it only a one-sided and delightful view—the discriminating art critic's view?

Mr. Henry Collins Brown introduces us to the city as it is seen by the stranger within its gates. New York of To-day is an unpretentious and friendly little guide-book, marred, however, by a superabundance of superlatives. He encroaches on a field already covered, faithfully and comprehensively, in Rider's New York City; Mr. Brown himself acknowledges this and generously sends his readers to the larger work for additional information. Perhaps it is unfair to make even a comparison. Rider's New York City is so exhaustive that it stands in a class by itself—as *the* Baedeker of what is probably the largest city in the world. By actual test, out of thirty items of general interest about the history or topography of New York gleaned from these three books—items that I imagined were unique and not well known—I found all but one in Rider's New York City (I cautiously avoid the statement that it is not to be found there).

In The Book of New York Mr. Shackleton tells us that the lights of New York began with the Broadway lights of 1679. The city authorities ordered that every seventh house should hang out a pole with a lantern and a lighted candle, on nights when there was no moon. Doesn't that sound rather sensible? We now have lightless nights quite irrespective of the moon. But that may be because no city dweller, at least no Manhattan dweller, ever knows whether or not the moon is shining, and, as Mr. Shackleton assures us, "that he should have any knowledge as to whether or not the stars are out is ridiculously unthinkable. Had Emerson been a New Yorker he would never have written his advice to hitch your wagon to a star!"

Mr. Shackleton portrays for us the everyday New York—the big sprawling city at work and play. Fairly tolerant of the bizarre, satiric toward the near rich, sympathetic to the poor, serious but not too serious, he strikes a warm human note. He has discovered old shop-keepers who have maintained the custom of selling sugar by the stone and eggs at so many for a quarter; he traces the placing of valuables in a cornerstone to a far-distant necromantic origin; he tells about the Wall Street broker who insists on having his right cheek shaved first, with the initial stroke upward. For the benefit of those who have been annoyed on Thanksgiving Day by the begging street gamins on Fifth Avenue, he explains that it is a degenerate form of the pretty and fascinating custom of mumming drawn from the old countries of the world. The Waldorf-Astoria is described as the place where "if you will but sit down in the lobby, your friends from any corner of the world will in time appear." He has heard the poor child, buying a loaf of stale bread and a penny's worth of cheese, say to the clerk, "Mother wants you to cut it with the ham knife to give it a hammy taste." It is a city, he asserts, which treats individuals as the ocean treats drops of water. "New York does not, like other cities, claim great men; she expects great men to claim New York! And over and over again one notices how carelessly she forgets."

Is *that* the real New York? As one to whom the city is still largely an unexplored mystery, to whom such trivial things as the prevailing absence of clocks on the streets to tell the hours is an annoyance, to whom the street cars seem to make the mistake daily of running along the short, instead of the long, side of the block, to whom the native New Yorker is generally the most hospitable and genial and lovable person one could wish to know, and only occasionally—one out of every odd hundred—as hard and cold as glimmering steel, and to whom a topography which permits the moon to shine through north windows is a never failing source of wonder—I frankly admit that I do not know.

A. L. O.

The Colonial Merchants

The Colonial Merchants and the American Revolution, by Arthur M. Schlesinger. New York: Columbia University Press. $4.50.

AMONG the quiet scholars of Columbia University poring over their books and manuscripts, there is one whose work deserves a wider recognition than it has yet received from the general public, Professor Herbert L. Osgood. For more than a quarter of a century he has pursued the even tenor of his way carrying out a comprehensive plan for rewriting early American institutional history conceived in his youth. He has resisted the enticements of text-book publishers and he is never found jockeying for position at annual meetings of the American Historical Association. He has journeyed far and wide (many times across the ocean) in search of manuscripts and rare printed materials, and from year to year he has had around him a small band of devoted students (the mighty Fustel was happy to have two or three) working, in his spirit and under his guidance, in colonial history. His graduates have spread east, west, north and south carrying with them the discipline and understanding acquired at his council table.

One of the fruits of his seminar, The Colonial Merchants and the American Revolution, by Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger of Ohio State University, is the most significant contribution that has ever been made to the history of the American Revolution. As may be surmised from the title, it is a study in political economy, based upon wide and deep researches. Lest it might be suspected as a doctor's dissertation, it should be said at once that it is written in a style that many a seasoned historian may well envy. To sum up in a few brief paragraphs the results of Professor Schlesinger's volume of six hundred pages is both difficult and dangerous, but to encourage the reader to turn to the book itself the attempt may be made. They are, in short, as follows: the merchants of the North had grown prosperous under British mercantile policy previous to 1760; but the planters of the South were falling deeper and deeper in debt; British legislation of 1763-64 profoundly disturbed the profits of the merchants and set them by the ear, and they, seeking aid and comfort in their dissatisfaction, stirred up and secured the support of the "mobs of the towns." The lawyers and printers sided with the merchants (pp. 66-70). The merchants also launched the popular movement which followed the Townshend acts, but this time they were careful of the mobs that proved to be such unruly aids. The Southern planters joined with the Northern merchants with the cheerful thought of striking at their British creditors (p. 135). This movement collapsed when the objectionable laws were repealed.

The merchants again took the lead, on the enactment of the tea law which, contrary to most of the school books, was not attacked because it imposed a tax, but because

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I make no bones about it—I am always glad when one of my books sell, but I am especially pleased when the book has been out for some time and is one that I really know to be superlatively good. Such a book is Joseph Hergesheimer's *The Three Black Pennys*, now on press for the third time. I am sorry though, that owing to rising costs, its price must advance from $1.50 to $1.60. I have another book by this young American in the bindery just now. *GOLD AND IRON*, which will contain three long stories, *Wild Oranges, Tubal Cain and The Dark Fleece*, will be ready on April 13th. By the way, it is a pretty certain thing that first editions of Mr. Hergesheimer's writings are going to become valuable. If you want to make sure of having at least one of them, place your order now with your bookseller for a copy of *GOLD AND IRON*.

I shall deliver to the booksellers this week *SCIENTIFIC DISTRIBUTION*, by Charles F. Higham. Mr. Higham is one of the leading advertising agents of the world, and the dominating figure in the London advertising field, where he introduced American methods about ten years ago. He has been one of the principal factors in England's wide-spread and highly successful war publicity. He has written a book which should prove of great interest to every business man, for, while it is largely about advertising, it goes far beyond the usual chatter regarding the technique of publicity as applied to commercial exploitation. Mr. Higham sees advertising as a tremendous new force—a potential ally of righteous government and sound education—a disseminator of intelligence and good-will. He would add intellectual and moral functions to that which has so effectively served our material ends. In the laboratory of his own business he has proved the practical nature of his vision.

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The Most Interesting Man I Ever Met

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By J. A. BUTLER

MEN usually are fluent only when talking about their own business or sport. Women—at least most I've met—can talk of little other than household duties and their children. Instead of broadening out as they grow older—instead of constantly adding to their fund of information—they have literally gotten into a rut, they are backsliding.

But fortunately this condition is not universal. There are, in spite of our manifold distractions and hurried living, a few who do manage to keep up with the really worthwhile things of life, and it is indeed a rare treat to meet them.

A Chance Acquaintance

Not long ago I was coming from Chicago to New York on the Century. After dinner I picked up an acquaintance with a quiet man sitting near me. Starting out with a pleasantry about the weather, we gradually drifted from one subject to another until I looked at my watch and found that three hours had passed and it seemed scarcely but a few moments, so quickly had the time flown.

Never before had I met such a well-informed man. He seemed to know and to love all that is the best in Art; he knew little intimate things about the great writers, he could talk interestingly about almost any place of historical importance, and about the big men of all time. And so it was with Music, with Popular Science, with Nature, and with all the Arts.

Naturally I was intensely interested in this man. Who was he? Where had he gotten this fund of information? Surely he must be some rich dilettante with nothing to think of but developing his mind.

When we finally got up and decided to turn in for the night, I asked him for his card and gave him mine. Picture my amazement when I read the name of a big manufacturer in the Middle West who had a reputation for having pulled himself up by his boot-straps.

Risking a rebuke, I asked him how he had been able to spare the time from his business to master the wonderful store of interesting information of which he was the possessor.

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"Right then I determined to somehow find the time to improve myself—and I want to say that I consider the things I've learned — the ability to talk and think other things than business—one of my greatest dollar and cents assets. Personality is one of the greatest powers in business. And culture—if you want to call what I've gained by that name—is the backbone of personality.

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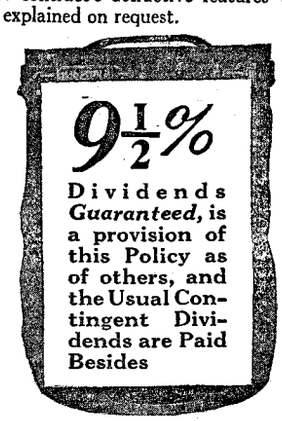

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it was favorable to a monopoly and enabled the East Indian Company to sell its tea directly in America, without the intervention of middlemen, at a lower price than the local shopkeepers, even those who had smuggled their stocks. The famous "tea party" was an enterprise conceived in the interests of the merchants and in support of the high cost of living! It produced a revulsion of feeling outside of mercantile Massachusetts. It was the coercive acts that moved the masses.

After 1774 there was waged a bitter struggle between the merchants and the radicals—artisans, mechanics and farmers—the merchants taking a cautious and moderate attitude toward British policies. Everywhere there was a fight between the two economic groups over the choice of delegates, which took the form of the conflict described by Professor Becker in his study of New York parties. The radicals won control of the Continental Congress and carried through a drastic programme in spite of the merchants. Even the revolutionary artisans, paper-money agrarians, wheat growers, tobacco planters, indigo growers, and rice planters (pp. 416-418) were divided over particular issues (strange foreshadowing of ante-bellum Democracy!). When the radicals, roused by the merchants, were once in power they rode the storm, the timid respectables shrinking from the test of fire. There is more, but lack of space must bring this review to an end.

Professor Schlesinger's book furnishes another significant chapter in the to-be-written history of the United States. It disposes of those fiction writers who make the American revolution a quarrel over legal theories and also those amusing persons who speak of it as "an uprising of the American people, in the name of law and order, against a German usurper on the British throne." Thus do the economic aspects of history come into clearer perspective as science advances into the domain of mythology.

C. A. B.

Frenzied Fiction, by Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25.

HUMOR cannot be explained in terms of itself, but in terms of the world that most of us live in, Mr. Leacock's humor seems reactionary. A subtly hypocritical demagogue, he sows, in the normal mob, laughter against the abnormal. He subtly gives aid and comfort to all that in us is the enemy of the unusual; he is the humorist of the class war of lowbrows against highbrows.

And Mr. Leacock is funny all the time, without rest, without mercy, feverishly, greedily, filling the balloons of reality with laughing gas to the bursting point, firing a ceaseless barrage of humor between himself and incomprehensible or unpleasant things. A humor of our human resistances: accumulated irritation, small dislike—the humor of how we feel toward nature cranks, thin lipped prohibitionists, learned professors, elderly aunts. But a buoyant, surprising, elastic, imaginative and flavored humor, so that one laughs aloud.

Contributors

to this Issue

H. G. WELLS—everybody knows.

WILLIAM HARD—A writer on public affairs now investigating problems of organization in Washington for the New Republic.

JOHN DEWEY—Professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

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